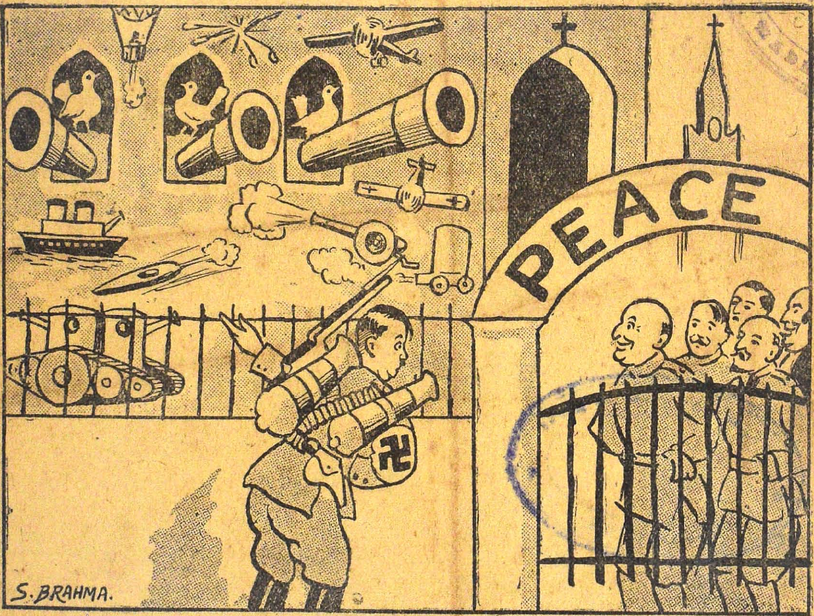
THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THF 5TH & 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol. II.	MADRAS, 5th MAY, 1935.	No. 19.

The Palace of "PEACE OF WORLD"



"PEACE" POWERS: "Hullo, Hilter, there is more offence than defence in your get-up. How can you expect us to hold out the hand of followship to you?"

HERR HITLER: "I am not anxious for Your Peace as I see what your "Peace Mansion" bristles with."

A Midsummer Day's Dream

By RUBIKON.

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TALKING of the old trouble, I mean, this Summer heat, the Old Pensioner used to say, "Summers may come, Summers may go, but the grumbling goes on for ever."

Just so.

Gopan got his wife; and she was rather hard hit, not so much by the uubearable heart of the summer itself, but by the more irksome fact that quite a good number of her friends had already gone to the hills or were starting.

"SURELY Dear," began Indra, Gopan's wife, "Surely, dear, you dont mean it ?"

" Mean what, Indra ?"

" Why, this terrible heat, surely."

"Surely it is terrible,. But what can we do ? You don't mean to say we can halt the Sun, do you ?" askd Gopan.

" You mean to enjoy it all through the Summer ?" asked Indra.

" Have you any scheme for cooling it ? Shall we run into an icerberg till the Summer is over ?"

" You don't know how vexing you can be. What is the fun of talking of iceberg and valley of frigidaires when you are half fried and charred every day ?" asked Indra.

" That is why I ask you for something to do," calmed down Gopan.

" I don't mean you should jump off the Earth to the moon or rush to Everest I just want you to do what any body with any bit of common sense does."

" And that is."

" That is let us take our darling and go up to the Hills. What we spend here we can very well spend on the Hills and we get the journey and the change for our darling and meeting

our friends. Surely you dont mean to say that we should sit moping here under the fan weeping like Diana at the fountain. Surely, dear, your own friends, so many of them, have invited us. There is Mr. Trilok and his wife, you know how very keen he was on our going to the Hills." explained Indra

Gopan mentally protested, then thought for a moment, and like all men's protests and determinations, they gave way before the firm stand that the woman had assumed.

" Well, Indra, do you know what a trip to the Hills means ?"

" I do, dear. But you must always throw in some silly obstacles or other in the way," chided Indra.

" Well, I have about a month on hand, If you can get back in that time; and then if you can also manage a good bit of the expenses I think we can start"

" Then why not to day ?"

" Surely, Indra."

" We can do the shopping and all that on our way and get into the train." put in Indra who never lost time in carrying out any thing she had set her heart upon.

The first charge was their darling. Playthings for the journey, and on the Hills, dress suitable to take the "Darling" among her friends and all that and dozens of etceteras which only a mother knows that her children would want were all taken in.

Gopan and Indra too did not stint. Even if Gopan was not quite keen upon making an impression upon the fashionable folk gathered up on the Hills Indra would not let him neglect any item that would dignify and give decency to *her* husband. So that between Indra and the Salesman, who was not slow to understand the excellant taste of Indra, Gopan had accoutrements copiously supplied for the vast society. And Gopan did nor object seriously to the heavy purchases for Indra paid from her purse what ever she ordered for her husband.

And now it was for Indra to be fitted up. The Ladies' Dept. did all that it could to meet the exquisite and expensive tastes of Indra. Gopan naturally footed the bills as he did not wish to be outdone in chivalry the generosity Indra had shown when his needs were being attended to.

No more satisfied pair of purchasers ever left any Gentle man's or Lady's Stores. Gopan and Indra knew that they had done the vory best that taste or style could do in the matter of purchases. And then for their darling they had so many nice things that even a prince might envy.

Right at the portico of the Railway Station, porters hauled up their *samans* and escorted them to the booking clerk.

"Second class will do dear," cautioned Indra who always mixed up a bit of thrift in all her joys and mirth,

"I should think so but" said Indra "suppose some of your friends, the zamindarini or the Rani Sahiba should happen to travel by this train, do you think it would be nice for you to be found in a pestered 2nd class in which even common folk travel now-a-days?"

A bit of rapid discussion again like all discussions between the man and the woman, ended in Eve having her own way.

" Well, then, two second class and one for a child to Ooty," cried Gopan to the booking clerk.

" Yes, sir, 94 Rs and annas eight and a rupee for reserving the berths, Sir," was the reply from behind the squared wire.

" Well, Indra, give him the fare."

" No, dear, I haven't. You pay" said Indra.

"Really, I paid the last coin for your bills. "

Indra looked at Gopan and Gopan at Indra ' both standing with their empty money wallets.

Indra's friends missed her at Ooty, but it was said that doctors, people who come to our rescue at such critical moments, had advised Indra against the rigours of Ooty.

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S. O. S.

By G. S. RAO.

THE gent that runs the 'Ripper' Magazine is quite a sorry specimen, gentlemen. He hasn't a back-bone—, get me, gents ? and the thing called a mind which he is supposed to have is very much like the corporation dust-bin. It is reeking. of course, I wouldn't care, ordinarily speaking, if any editor bloke had a mind that reeks or even one that was gone blank, looney like,—me being but a random scribbler whose job is outside the editor bloke's sanctum. But the looney 'Ripper' chap has done me in, quite, in a nasty way ; and take it from me, friends, I'm going to make things pretty hot for the 'Ripper' editor and his rag for the insult I've received in full to-date if but I get the chance. I'll tell you the 'whys and wherefore's right now, gents. And, thinking you be like those Frenchmen who like to put the cart before the horse, I shall start with the hub of my tale and end somewhere nearby.

YOU know gentleman, I am searching Madras end to end—er—corner to corner, for a girl. She has got to be a stunner, you know what I mean, a sort of girl with a beautiful face, and-er-a-beautiful soul. She has got to have eyes like lode-stars —...with the lovelight flashing up from depths of limpid blue. She has got to have curly waving hair-er-er-golden clouds, around an angelic face. And most important, she has got to have lips...lips of carnation hue and ambrosial taste that were meant to be kissed at sixty minutes the hour. That's the sort girl I want and if any of you could put me in touch with one of that type, I'll see you get 'ample remuneration for your pains' as our editor puts it on our rejected manuscripts. I'll do anything for you, and if you have no son or daughter to see you properly buried I will do the job myself. 'All for love' is my motto. Right here, you needn't start thinking that this is an advertisement or anything like that, I won't dream of it ! . But can do it easily if you hear my story. Nothing can escape your keen eyes and ditto ears, You can spot my girl !

I will tell you my story, friends, for your information and safe guidance. Have you ever heard of the poor mongrel pup who wanted to go to Benares? You have? Never mind, friends hear it again. That's my advice. for the story is so good that you can't afford to miss it. Well, in the olden days, you see, there was a pup, a rotten

... *the editor saw her dropping the letter*

you see, I had an armful of a girl, quite the thing I described to you who played Juliet to my Romeo Till just a week back, I had her and now she is lost. ! Friends. lend me your ears. Ferret out this lost love of mine. ! You

sinful rascal who had done every crime in the canine calendar and became an eye-sore to all the beasts and birds round about, One day he was hauled up before Justice Bumper Bear who cudgelled his rummy brain to evolve a

nice method of punishment for the sinful waster pup. In the end His Lordship arrived at the decision that the culprit should be flayed alive or as, an alternative that he should go to Holy Benares and do penance for the rest his life. The pup pondered over the matter and said at length that he woold prefer to be flayed alive then and there. His Lordship was taken aback at this decision of the mongrel pup and asked him why he didn't chose the other alternative. "Milord" said the pup, "Fain would I go to holy Benares and perform the penance for my sins, but the stones are plenty by the road-side and lads are extra-fast with them. If there were no stones by the way or no lads to throw them about, sure I would have done penance in Holy Benares."

Well, that is the story of the pup and mine's something similar. You see I could have been quite delirious running about with the jolliest girl in creation and worshipped at the altar of love and tasted of its ineffable sweetness day in and day out; but my friends, the world is full of gold and there are young men to throw it about in plenty. of course, the gold is thrown at the feet of my goddess and not at me. If they had it thrown atme, I would have stood up to it like a man! But they threw it in showers at a girl and that means I have got to cut a safe retreat through the back door and kick myself out of existence. At least that's how I feel about the affair. And just consider friends, what chance I have got with the girl of my dreams when the man who has cut me dead is the editor. Yes, it's the 'Ripper' guy, right enough! ;, am telling you the sober truth, in its entire nudity. And my friends, I dont care two hoots if the loony 'Ripper' chap takes offence and kicks himself into his W. P. B. for ever and a day. I know he should as a gentleman; but what with his being like 'the corporation dustbin and loony and all that, I am not very hopeful of his doing the job himself. Somebody else has got to do it for him; and, rest assured, friends? I am the guy to do it.

and went nutty over her. ...

I'm waiting for my chance. And, in the meanwhile the chap is keeping my girl under his fist. I am pining pike-staff like for her and I know she would be doing the same by me. 'Cos why, gentlemen? I was the guy who retrieved her lost hanky for her, the while it roamed away fluttering in the breeze And, between you and me, friends, I was the guy who taught her about Cupid and cuddlings and such like things. Of course, my Susie *was* the public among pupils as far as learning this lovestuff was concerned. What a lark of a time we had, roaming and rollicking about the shadiest nooks in Madras, beautifull Madras that nestles amidst the banks of the ever fragrant Cooum,

I wanted to see her home and insisted on doing it But she adviced me not to, because she said she had a huge brother who was fattening his biceps with the idea of having a go at Primo Carnera at the earliest chance and, said Susie, this brother Johnny of hers didn't have any liking for writer guys. I wasn't anything near a Primo Carnera, you see, so I took the hint Susie gave me and dropped the idea of going over to her place till the boxing brother evaporated off for good. Perhaps Primo himself might take a hand in evaporating him off. Anyhow I was content to wait.

"......and in the meantime, where can I see you?" I asked my Susie" You know, I'll be off my screws if I couldn't see you at least once a day."

Susie laughed.

"We will have a ripping time" she cooed. I'll write to you pretty often fixing up the spot where we are to meet. That solves the difficulty, doesn't it?"

"Yes" I said.

"Woll, now give me your address" said Susie of the sunny smile,

And then like a barmy fool I told her that my address was 'Ronnie' care of the Bally Ho, that was the editor of the 'Ripper' Magazine. And what happens do you think? My friends, three times I received a letter form her but the fourth time the editor saw her dropping the letter into the box and went nutty over her himself. He doesn't give me her letters. And I believe he has gone and told her, my love, that I have died and fallen into the W. P. B. and have been buried quietly beside

(Continued on page 8)

A married woman has been compensated for the loss of a little finger.

It appears that it was the one round which she twisted her husband.

• •

In Germany a double wedding was celebrated in an aeroplane,

Any day now we may expect to hear of a parachute divorce over Hollywood.

• •

"One American jazz-band member now plays a harp," says a gossip.

We are not told who slew him.

• •

"My wife often bangs me on the head," said a man in court, "but she always does it kindly."

We understand that she invariably asks: One lump or two, dear?"

• •

"It isn't wrong," says a writer, "for a man to take a girl out and not spend money on her."

But it's very, very difficult.

• •

A burglar, it was stated in court, opened a window with a safety-razor blade.

Doubtless the police in their official report referred to it as "some blunt instrument."

• •

A poultry expert says it is bad for pullets to lay double-yolked eggs.

But what else can they do with them?

• •

After serving ten years of a life-sentence a New York song-writer was set free.

We can only hope that he is thoroughly cured.

• •

'The other Saturday,' writes a football enthusiast," some of us joined together and tipped the referee."

Into the local duckpond?

• •

"We never hear our own voices exactly as other people hear them," states a scientist.

Probably that explains why so many of us sing.

• •

A fakir recently sat for twenty-one days without moving.

The only amusement of that sort we have is chess.

• •

When a man dropped from a two-storey window during a recent hotel fire his fifteen-years-old boy caught him.

Another instance of a father coming down heavily on his son.

• •

A wedding at a register office was interrupted by the noise of carpenter hammering in an adjoining room.

At least that was what everybody thought it was, until the bridgeroom confessed that his knees were knocking together.

• •

A naturalist tells us that there are plenty of glow-worms in the Park

He doesn't say whether the gay little insects propose to form some kind of illuminated arch for the Jubilee celebrations.

• •

"There is an opening for the young poet," declares a critic.

Harassed editors wish he wasn't convinced it is the one out in the nearest pillar-box.

• •

A big-game hunter says he was once savagely attacked by a female hippopotamus at a drinking pool.

Apparently the animal was in a particularly fretful mood because she had caught a sudden glimpse of her face reflected in the water.

• •

Burglars in several London houses cleared the larders of jams and pickles.

Housewives are naturally very indignant at this poaching on their preserves.

• •

"It takes rare courage to side with an unpopular minority," says a writer. Particularly when 50,000 people yell "Foul!" and the minority obstinately refuses to blow his whistle.

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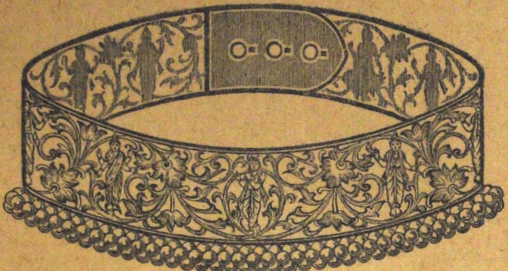

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No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.	No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	— R A — —.	Break.	1	L — C K.	FORTUNE.
2	VEST — G — —.	Tracks.	2	F R — —.	WIFE.
3	S — A — —.	Empty.	3	D — E.	HAZARD.
4	G R — — — — N.	Duenna.	4	S Q U A —.	Clumsy.
5	F O — —.	Foolish.	5	G E — — Y.	Neat.
6	M — — T — —.	Title of	6	L A M — — E R.	Cripple.
7	M — — .	Lake.			
8	— E A —.	Chief.			

RULES.—The clues are exact from chambers XX century Dictionary and all forms are treated as direct. A. An. To are omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketed words have not been used. The prizes are guaranteed; and a minimum award of Rs. 10 for competition No. 2 and Rs. 3 for No. 3 will be awarded to every sender of correct solution what ever may be the number of correct entries received. The correct solution should agree with the sealed solution. Entries accepted in plain paper; It is enough if all the alternatives alone are shown for competition No. 2; but the using of random alternatives will totally disqualify the entries. Result and prize amount will be sent a week after the posting date; and for the result 9 pies stamp should be sent. Manager's decision should be accepted as final and legally binding. Other rules as usual.

Please address to: **The Manager, THE UNIQUE COMPETITION, AMRAOTI, BERAR.**

Sealed solution of competition No. 1.

1. STEMBUCK. (Page 1249); 2. KREESE (P. 505); 3. STRAFE. (P. 1250); 4. HOODOO. (P. 1230); 5, Gowl. (Page 395). 6. BAK ((Page 1213); 7, CLARA. (Page 1180).

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Manager. U.C.

THE MESSAGE

By T. L. EDWIN.

MOST people, I am sure if they were asked to name the most frightful menace of modern times, would reply without any undue hesitation: Toothache is just too terrible for words! or "I guess there is nothing so awful in these modern times as the Income-Tax Officers. It is just grab, grab and still grab with them"

But all these people would be miles away from the truth. In my humble opinion the most frightful menace of modern times is the telephone.

Doubtless up till now you have always looked upon the telephone as a blessing and an aid to humanity. The Editor no doubt considers it as the best invention since God created the earth. "Ah! you can hear the Editor say to himself. "How thankful I ought to be to the inventor of the Telephone. All I've got to do is to dial a number and speak to Parrukutti of the Queen Mary's College and pour into her sweet tiny ears my words of love. On the other hand if I call upon her I'm sure I wouldn't be so composed. I will feel shy and awkward and bluster. Moreover when I want a fiver, I've just got to ring up dear old Emsen and hey Presto! the money will be on its way!"

BUT honestly these little black thingmijigs, that look so innocent on the table are a frightful menace. Any Jack or for that matter Kamala, who have a telephone installed at their house have us completly at their mercy. Armed with this they can call us with perfect immunity. They can request our company to prayer meetings, ask for loans, beg us to meet their great aunt at the station, or invite themselves to our place for the week-end.

It is on account of these things that in spite of the repeated requests of my wife and the advertisements of the telephone company, I adamantly put my foot down firmly and decided not to install one of these modern menaces. But yesterday the company's men were at our house felling trees and fixing up posts and in less time than it takes an anaconda to swallow an egg the telephone was installed.

"Are you" 306794 ?

I can hear some of the readers smile and exclaim that I belong to the species commonly known as hen-pecked. No. You are wrong. I did not give way on account of the wife. But it happened like this.

Last week just as I was going to the office wifey asked me to telephone to her sister and ask her to send the Ice-cream freezer. So, 'Don't' forget to 'phone to Saroj,' I said to myself as I donned my hat, for I am apt to forget messages. "Be sure not to forget to telephone to sis-in-law," I repeated to myself again as I took my place in the train. "Remember not to forget to telephone to Saroj" I said to myself solemnly as I embarked in front of my office from the term,

But once I was at office I forgot all about the message, and was the stern methodical business man, seemingly immune from domestic affairs. Just then Venkat dropped in to speak to his sweetie on the 'phone.

That reminded me. After he had finished billing and cooing on the phone for well nigh an hour, I took up the machine.

"Are you 306794?" I began. "In other words are you Saroj?"

"Yes", came the musical answer.

"Are you sure you are the girl with the dimpled cheeks, long hair and wondering eyes? I continued,

I could hear the music of her laughter.

"Yes, what is it?" She demanded

Good Heavens! I had forgotten the message!

"Oh it's nothing,' I blustered "You see, I've forgotten the message which your sister asked me to tell you."

"Just like you, Silly" came the voice.

Now readers you know why I have in spite of my deep seated aversion and antipathy, installed a telephone at my house!

(Continued fram page 5)

the fragrant Cooum. The editor is telling me that he has gulped her down himself and as for me, I can have some spare room in his W. P. B, he says. And the editor is an honourable bloke you see, and he has a car and a monstrous bank account, and so many friends, I can't do him any bad turn. If I see the girl I can tell her that I'm alive and start my business over again, you see, But, I don't know her address.

So will you, my friends, ladies and gentlemen, furnish me the address and the photo (for identification you see) of a girl, about seventeen to twenty years, golden wavy hair that surrounds an angelic face, lips of carnation hue and made to be kissed, and eyes like lode-stars.........etc, etc,? Addresses, my friends, will be carefully returned to the senders after close scrutiny, and photoes will be kept beautifully framed as a momento of the noble-hearted, generous sympathetic help you have rendered to me.

THE KISS IN INDIA

THE average European has an idea that the Indian buys his wife and sells his daughter, and that love making and all that goes with it is unknown to him. It is popularly supposed that the Indian's wife is a domestic drudge who is looked down upon by her husband as a mere woman whose only use in life is to administer to his wants and bear him children.

Those of us who have peeped behind the purdah know that this is not the case, and that the Indian has nothing to learn from the European in the art of love-making but that, on the contrary, Europeans have adopted Asiatic, if not purely Indian, methods.

It is true that one does not see Indians making demonstrations of their affection in public, but doubtless there are very good reasons for this.

Indian literature is full of beautiful stories, in prose and poetry, of love in its highest and most ideal form.

THE Lover's kiss is well known in India; for example:— "O beloved, one kiss of thy lips! One that has been kissed by Thee, his thirst for Thee increaseth for ever. All sorrows cease and he forgets the past, present and future, only thinks of Thee alone."

The following typical lines are by the poet Vidyapati:—

Each on the other's countenance gazing, twain are rapt—
Each in the other's arms the other enfolds—
Twain are the mouths contented each with the nectar of
Others lips '

Also

" The twain beyond speech are out of all reason,
The loveling disports with most ardent passion :
Eagerly fair face kisses love-face
The bending moon drinks up the lotus."

In the Sanscrit work "Rati-Ratna-Pradipila" the author gives the following advice on the art of making love: "One should press her breasts and kiss her on the cheeks. He should also playfully scratch at her neck, over the eyes and on the breasts and kiss the lips. Again he says: "An intelligent man should embrace her, press her breasts and bite her lips" and "he should bite her lips and tingle her nipples, playfully kiss at her breasts and finally express his extreme pleasure derived from these acts."

I must be remembered that before the Mohammaden invasion nudity was a common thing in India, hence the above references to the breasts are not so lacking in modesty as they may appear to-day.

That the kiss is regarded very differently by Indians to what it is by Europeans and Americans. is obvious from the remarks of Mr. Naique, Honorary Secretary, Aryan Excelsior League, Bombay, who in the course of his evidence before the Cinema Committee was of opinion that a stricter censorship of sex films was necessary especially with regard to kissing and dancing scenes.

The erotic significance of the kiss was early pointed out by Indian poets. The following lines are from "The Longing of Radha," a love poem by R. Datta.

"And while I am upon the bed of leaflets placed,
And he is long upon my bosom sunken,
While I have bestow'd my kisses and embraced,
He embracing of my lip is drunken."

Another Indian author, Ananda Coomaraswamy, says: In India there is nothing with which we can compare the "Mystic union" of the finite with its infinite ambient than the self-oblivion of earthly lovers locked in each others's arms, where "each is both." Physical proximity and contact are the expressions of love, only because love is the recognition of identity.

The kiss is used in India to express love, passion, respect and devotion.

Radha says of her lover

"And love-learned Kanu was lurking behind, bending his face to mine, how did he drink the nectar of my lips? How often silently he laid his hand upon my breasts."

In the Rati-Ratna-Pradipika we read: "She loves to be caressed with the outer acts of love (such as embracing and kissing)" And in the Kama Sutra it is stated that "Whatever one of the lovers does to the other must be returned in kind; that is, if the woman kisses the man the man must kiss her in return.

This Kama sutra of Vatsyayana is an oriental classic on the art of love, and it contains a special chapter on the love-bite. We find that" If she is very exalted and if in the exaltation of her passionate transports she begins a sort of combat then she takes the lover by the hair, draws his head to hers, kisses his lower lip, and then in her delirium bites him all over his body, shutting her eyes; It is added that with the marks of such bites lovers can remind each other of their affections, and that such love will last for ages. Ananda Coomaraswamy in his essay on Sahaja remarks that Indian culture is perhaps more sensuous than has ever been realized and talks of a sensuousness which can pause to count the patterns gentle teeth may leave on the tender skin of the beloved.

The kiss is frequently mentioned in the Ramayana and the Maha-Bharata. These ancient works in Sanscrit have been the cherished heritage of the Hindus for three thousand years. The Upanisads insist on the spiritual succession from father to son. The kissing of a son was a frequent and usual token of affection, even in mature years. The date of the Upanisads is about 500 B.C.

The act of kissing is frequently depicted in Indian art, both ancient and modern.

In ancient India the act of kissing the feet was a familiar salutation of respect, and the kiss was also largely reserved for sacred purposes. The Magh Mela is an annual Hindu festival and is held where the holy rivers the Ganges and the Jumna meet. At the entrance to the mela ground many of the pilgrims bow low to the ground, which they kiss. Again at Benares before entering the sacred rive: (the Ganges) the worshipper kisses the earth she fruitifies.

The Kumbh Mela is a religious festival to which millions of Hindus flock every January. It is celebrated at Allahabad. The holy men, or nagas as they are called, who number about three hundred and come from all parts of India but particularly from the hill tracts of Northern India, and who wear no clothes, not even the traditional loin cloth, are regarded with the utmost reverence, and the earth on which they tread is gathered up by men, women and children who reverently kiss it.

Both Mohammadans and Hindus may be observed kissing the steps of particularly sacred mosques and temples in India.

At the funereal of the late Maharaja of Gwalior two of the members of his entourage, who were among those who carried the coffin to the crematorium, kissed the coffin in a last farewell.

The practice of kissing the dead is not unknown in India and is referred to in the following lines:—

"Clasped him in her beating bosom, kissed his lips with panting breath,
Darker grew the lonesome forest, and he slept the sleep of death."

Among Hindus after death, the body is washed and anointed with sandal-paste, oil, and turmeric or ghi.

The Kadam-bosi, or foot-kissing of the Mohammadans of India is a constant expression in their letters, though figurative with Mohammadans, but Hindus often touch a Brahaman's foot with their fingers and then apply them to their lips.

It is the custom among the Totas, a hill tribe in the South of India, for the women to salute. the elders of the other villages than their own by kissing the big toe of the elder.

Kissing the hand is a less humiliating observance than kissing the feet; mainly, perhaps, because it does not involve prostrations. This difference of implication is recognised in regions remote from one another,

Among the duties of a wife towards her husband as laid down in the Padmapurana (the Bible of the Hindu peoples), is the following: "If her husband flies into a passion, threatens her, abuses her grossly, even beats her unjustly, she shall answer him meekly, shall lay hold of his hands, kiss them, and beg his pardon, instead of uttering loud cries and running away from the house........"

Among some of the hill tribes of Southern India the olfactory kiss is found, the nose being being applied to the cheek during salutation with a strong inhalation. The hill tribes of Chittagong do not say "kiss me" but "smell me" The tactile kiss is unknown to the Burman, the Karen, the Shan races. and the wild tribes of Arakan. They smell or sniff their relatives, applying the lips and nose to the cheek, and making a strong inhalation, which they call Nan-shok-thee, to sniff or up-scent.

Smelling the head is a mode of expressing intense affection, parental yearning, still common in India, and it is a very ancient Oriental practice. It was perhaps the result of this practice than chance that Isaac noticed the smell of Jacob's person. "And he came near, and kissed

(Continued on page 12)

The Missing Documents

By K. Krishnan Nair.

THE telephone bell rang furiously, I took up the receiver. "Hello! Hello!! Is that the Premier Detective agency? Please Send a man at once. A robbery has been committed in my house."

My detective agency was the finest the place could boast of. Mind you, I am voicing the opinion of one of the finest judges of the place, namely myself. I am not the sort of' tec you read in story books who declare the culprit to be a flat-nosed lout from clues got by perusing the cookery book written by the offender's grandma. In fact I am the genuine goods. With my high forhead, sharp features and keen eyes, I make you recollect a great man whom you know. Never mind if it happens to be Darwin.

I reached Mr. Keshab's house in half an hour and was admitted by a servant who told me to go upstairs to Mr. Keshab's room. I was opening the door of the room and was just entering when the thing happened.

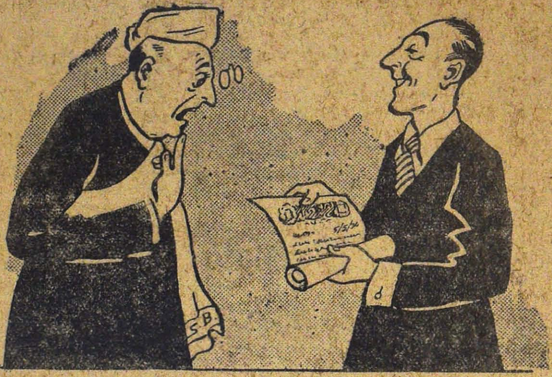
NOW from the security of an arm-chair, looking back upon those colourful days, I still remember every detail of my painful adventure and recollect, how near then I was to bodily injury. For, as I was just about to enter, a thick bound volume of Chamber's Dictionary flew through the air, missed my nose by about a centimeter and crashed against the door. While I had not yet recovered from the surprise which this event caused a sallow thin man, who had the appearance of one who was going to say "ugh" the next moment and indulge in a fit of sneezing but had thought better of it, rose from an armchair and accosted me with these words "Oh! Is it you. I thought it was our dog. It comes in always with dirty feet and stains the carpets. I wanted to drive it away."

I then asked him if he was Mr. Keshab and he said 'yes' and I asked him what he did yesterday and he told me that he read up to 9-30 and that at 9-45 somebody went whistling by. "Now this is important Mr. Keshab." I interrupted. "You remember yesterday was rainy and even then somebody whistled outside your door. Evidently he was gay because he thought he was going to get at you. Now when did you smoke your last cigar?" Mrs. Keshab a very awful and corpulent lady said "Tobacco habit is the vilest wickedest ......" "yes Madam" I apologised humbly. "When did you go to sleep? I asked Mr. Keshab" "10-30" he replied. Them promising to conduct a preliminary Search I went out.

I conducted a vain search. After two hours had elapsed I remembered suddenly that I had not enquired what all things were stolen and so returned to the house. It seems that the stolen things were certain documents of precious value to Mr. Keshab

I again returned to my search and sat down wearily on a garden seat in the other end of the compound, I fell into a nap and when I opened my eyes the first thing I met was what seemed to be yards and yards of dog with a wide aperture at one end from which strange noises were proceeding and a sort of wagging contrivance on the other end with the intuition peculliar to me I knew it to be Mr. Keshab's dog. It was chewing something leisurely and out of curiosity I happened to look at it and lo! it was a bundle of papers marked important. Our canine friend seems to have speculated on the edibility of paper and being of a noble nature had decided to personally conduct some experiments on this gripping problem or die in the attempt.

I took the bundle and carried it to Mr. Keshab. "I have got them at last" said I proudly. I saw a suspicious looking individual carrying



"I have got them at last"

this under his arm. Suddenly I raised my gun............I mean my Howitzer ......er.........pistol and said "stand still." When I took this bundle from him he admitted that he had whistled last night, Then he ran away. I shot at him. But I think I missed" Mrs, Keshab, that bechinned conglomeration of protoplasm turned to me with an awful look "we heard no shots" said she. But I was not to be beaten that way "oh! my gun is fitted with a silencer" said I,

Mr, Keshab took me into his private study. "I know I can trust you. If the culprit had taken those papers away he could have blackmailed me endlessly." A tear of gratitude as big as, say an egg, splashed down from his eyes with a loud noise. Then he showed the papers to me "But..." "But...". Gasped I for the documents were nothing but some cash bills from the general stores for three dozens of first class virginia cigars. Mr. Keshab explained "If those bills came into the hands of my wife......my god!" He wiped away the perspiration from his streaming brow.

When I came out Mrs. Keshab asked me 'will you please show me your amazing gun?" Evidently the lady had done some hard thinking and had come to the conclusion that my story was mere fibs. I suddenly remembered that I had left it in the garden and went out to take it. The thought of confronting that mass of flesh without my mythical gun has frozen me to the marrow and I have not returned to them yet even for the bill.

Thinking of the events of those days I come to the conclusion that Mr. Keshab was decidedly off his blooming rocker. Why, if I had a wife which came in which I was smoking and told me not to, I would just reach for the telephone and place an order with the Plumber's for a ton of iron and when it comes simply drop it on her and send the plumbers bill to Room 31, East ward, Central Lunatic Asylum.

(Continued from page 10)

him: and smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, see, the smell of my son is as of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

On some of the very ancient Indian temples are beautiful sculptures of men and women in the act of kissing.

The Kiss in all its forms is well understood in India. Bhartrihari, the Sanscrit poet, who lived about the fourth or fifth century A. D., wrote much on the subject of kissing. He writes of the Harlot's kiss:—

"What well-born youth could kiss
the mouth that actor and buffoon,
Rogue, trooper, servants, thief and
pimp have used as a spitoon."

Win Rs. 600 MODEL PUZZLE NO. 2

LAST DATE FOR POSTING ENTRIES:—30TH MAY, 1935.

Prizes & Result will be posted to all entrants within 12 days.

Sealed correct solution is deposited with the Imperial Bank of India, Sialkot.

Entrance Fee for each entry is Annas 8 payable by M. O.

Prizes. 1st Prize, Rs. 500, for all-correct solution.

Extra Prize, Rs. 100, for largest number of entries.

What you have to do. Fill up the six blank spaces, using any numbers, so that each row of numbers totals 39 horizontally, vertically and diagonally.

		14
	13	
12		

Rules. Each number can be used only once. Any No. of plain paper entries may be submitted with the requisite fee. M. O. receipt & a self addressed stamped envelope must accompany entries. In case of ties prizes will be divided. Prize amount will vary in proportion to entries received. All-correct solution is one which agrees with the sealed correct solution deposited with the Imperial Bank. Manager's decision is final & legally binding.

Address entries & M. O. to:— THE MANAGER,
Model Puzzles, Sialkot City.

Prizes and Result of Model Puzzle No. I, Last posting date 10—4—35, were sent on 22—4—35. Apply for LEAFLETS with 9 pies stamp.

Bill Williams Strategy

BY BRIJ MOHAN.

BILL Williams was a resourceful fellow. No matter what he did, it seems that whatever he touched turned into gold. At one time in Texas during a slack season of the oil rush, he on his cow-pony ambled into Dusty Corners which was supposed to be be the name of the one horse town. Tying his horse outside of the Lucky Horse-shoe Saloon he decided he would go in and sate his thirst with a peg or two. As he entered, he saw an old crony of his seated at one of the tables having a lonely game of solataire. Going up to him and pulling up a chair he greeted his friend.

"Hello Jim! What are you doing in these parts?"

Jim looked up with astonishment as he believed his friend to be in the rocky fastness of Montana working on a gold mine that he discovered.

WHAT the h—brings you here Bill? I thought you were pretty well off in Montana."

Yes Jim, but I cleaned up ten thousand by selling to a mining company who will do the actual work. Instead of riding in style, I thought I would come back here to Texas and buy a small ranch and settle down here with a bunch of cows."

"Swell idea, Bill, but I warn you to fight shie of Rice Shetland and his two brothers. They own most of the land in these parts, and they may swindle you for your money and give you something worthless in return."

'Oh, that's all right, thanks, but I can take care of myself. If they can get money out of ME, they're welcome to it."

It so happened that Red Shetland, Rice's brother had hoard this conversation and quietly leaving the saloon without notice, he mounted his horse and with a fast gallop headed towards the Lazy Ranch.

"Hi Rice, got some good news for yuh," yelled Red, 'where are yuh?"

Arising from a hammock tied to an old oak tree, Rice Shetland was an ugly speciman of humanity. He was short and pudgy with a red face, made more cerise by a scarlet scar running diagonally across his face, over his nose. An ear had the appearance of being half-shot away by some buckshot probably by some irate farmer whom he perhaps has the misfortune to cross. He waddled towards his brother and they both sat down on the steps of the house and lit cigarettes.

"Well, wot's eatin' yuh?" he queried.

"Say Rice, there's some bloke who just breezed into town and confided in Jim Barnes that he'd like to buy up a small ranch. How about selling him 'Three Corners'?"

"Has he any dough?"

"Only about ten thousand smacks, that's all," Red replied with a knowing smile and a wink. "Also Barnes told him to steer clear of us as we were a pretty bad gang.', he guffawed.

"Don't mind that guy, we'll take care of 'em both," Rice replied with a smirk. "Now here's how we'll go about it———."

The next day, it so happened that Jim had to ride the range and could not be in town. This suited Rice very nicely, and he lad his plans accordingly. Sitting down with his two brothers at one of the tables coincidentally next to Bill's, but ignoring him entirely, he began:—

"I'be got just the land your firm requires gentlemen," he said addressing his brothers, "and it's a beauty of a ranch. It is located in a grassy valley six miles from here. There is a bed where the river flows through 300 acres of the ranch. I can let you have it for ten thousand dollars. A comfortable house is on the property and it's all ready for occupancy. In addition I will add a hundred head of my choice cattle to start you off, if you are so minded. It is a part of my property but it's more than I can handle."

"Sounds good to me," said one of them, "but ten thousand is too much a price to pay and we can't afford it, but if it is all the same to you, we'd like to take a look at it,' said one.

At that moment, Bill, Being entranced by the offer stepped up to the table and said.

"Looks like a pretty good proposition to me too gents, mind if I trail along?"

"No, no, not at all, come along," replied Rice innocently.

After seeing the property, the men returned and Bill snapped it up. He thought it was a good buy and decided to move out to the ranch right away, Imagzine his surprise the next morning when he visited the river to see only mud and mire instead of the peaceful placid stream of yesterday. He wondered what had happened and at once in perplexity, he rode to the Shetland Ranch and enquired for Rice.

Rice came out of his house with smug welcome written on his case and asked what was wanted so early in the morning.

"Say, that river's done stopped. As I passed the borders of my ranch, I saw that the river was deflected to another bed. What is the idea?"

"Well, that happens to be my brother's land. I'll consult him and what's up."

Just at that moment Red and Harry rode up and Rice called to them.

"Say Harry, what's the idea of deflecting the river?"

"Well you see Rice," he replied with a half grin, "I noticed that my cows in the northern pasture had to walk too long a trek for water so I thought if I could get the water over to them by that new bed, they would n't have to walk so far, and anyhow, the river flows on my land too, and if I want to stop it, or deflect it, I'm within my rights."

"Yeah, that's okay with you, but what about my cows," asked the now angered Williams.

"Sorry pardner, but a man's got a right to do what he pleases on his own land, so I guess you're out of luck," replied Rice solemnly. "but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll take that land off your hands if you like, and the cows too, because if there's no water, your cows will die of thirst, and we cant be cruel to animals you know."

"I don't understand this monkey business Rice, but anyhow, when can I have my ten thousand?"

"Who said anything about ten thousand? I'll give you £ 500 for the works, not a cent more. Take it or leave it."

"I'll leave it, thanks, and consult my lawyers you damn crooks," he retorted and astriding his horse, he left them angrily, and faint sounds of mocking laughter behind him made him resolve to get even.

That night he rallied Jim around him and plunged into his tale of woe. Jim just sat back thoughtfully and shook his head and suggested that Bill drive his cows to the next town, and ship them to El Paso and sell them while they still had fat on them. He could at least realize three hundred dollars, so the next day with Him's help, he sold the cows to a broker in Huntley for 280 dollars. As the two thirsty cowboys wended their way slowly towards the saloon, Bill thought of a swell idea. Giving Jim a few dollars for his trouble, Bill made a pretence of remembering to see someone and hastilly left his friend.

He quickly rented two horses and a wagon and bought four barrels of the best oil from a neighboring Oil Company. Purchasing tools and a large canvas, he loaded the wagon and covered it with the canvas so not a thing would show. He then proceeded for home, causing no little interest in Dusty Corners; and to enquires to what he had under the cloth, he kept silent and appeased not a whit, their curiosity.

When he reached home, he waited till the cover of darkness, and then drove his cart to a certain part of the river bed where there was little mud. Taking out his shovel, he dug a circular pit about two feet in diameter and three feet deep. Lining the hole with a few pebbles and rocks, he filled it from one of the barrels of oil. Next he took another barrel and covered the surrounding mud with it until, mixed with the mud by the horses, it looked like black slush. The remaining two barrel he took to another part of the river bed and repeated the performance, being careful to get it on some of the grass on surrounding land that banked the river, so it would look like a geyser had done the splashing and spraying. Finishing his task in the wee hours of the morning, he retired happily to bed. Arising at sun up, he carefully loaded the empty barrels on his wagon, not before remembering to cake his shoes and spreading the oiled mud on his coat and trousers, he set off for town.

As he entered the saloon for a drink, he espied Red at the bar. Ignoring him and his caustic remarks, he ordered a drink. Laying his arms on the counter, he spread some of the mud on the bar next to Red.

"You're caked in mud from head to foot, did you take a swim in the river?" asked Red tauntingly, as he brushed some of the mud off the counter involuntarily.

"No, I fell in," Bill reported shortly.

As Bill drank his peg leisurely, with his eyes seemingly off of Red, he inwardly smiled as he noticed Red examining the mud covertly, and slyly slip some of it into his pocket.

When Bill left the saloon for Huntley to return the barrels and the wagon, Red dashed to the Lazy S and literally screeched for his brothers who came out of the house like a shot, thinking their brother was being murdered.

"Rice, that guy Williams' got oil on his land and he don't know it. Look at this," and he displayed a piece of mud in his hand.

Harry whistled. "Where is he now?" he queried.

"He's gone towards Huntley, I don't know why," was the answer.

"Come on, let's see his land," barked the elder of the trio.

As they dismounted at the now empty river bed Harry cried.

"Look at this grass! It's black with oil."

Excitedly they ran up and down the banks of the river and Rice espied one of the pools of oil while Red saw the other.

"That damn fool don't know he's got oil on his land. Lets find him and get back our property from him."

Rushing back to town they saw him trotting into town as innocently as one can please.

"Hey Williams, we want to talk to yuh," hailed Rice with a benevolent smile, if his face could express a benevolent smile.

"Not with you scoundrels, get out of my way," answered Williams with disguised anger.

"Oh, now, don't take it so hard friend, we just wanted to test you out, replied Rice, we'll buy it back from you. Come on, let's sit down and have a drink."

As they sat down at one of the tables in the saloon Rice ordered four whiskeys and then began pompously.

"I admit it was a rotten trick to deflect that water, but after I sold that land to you my brother Harry regretted losing it. You see, he was very much attached to it as Father's father had given it to us, and was filled with shame for selling even a bit of the estate that was left us. He tried that trick in the hopes you would resell it to us."

"Yes, that's all very well, but you wanted to give me a measly 500 for it, what was the idea of that?" asked Bill.

"We just wanted to test you, that was all, but I'll give you back your ten thousand if you vacate the land at once and sign the entire property over to me," replied Rice suavely.

"No gentlemen, I'm not interested I've decided not to sell as I think I will raise chickens. I can dig a well for water, and start chicken raising on a whole sale scale."

"Well," said Bill, rubbing his chin, "I'll sell it to you chaps for seventy-five thousand but I must have a certified check, or No Sale. I wonder what you fellows want it so badly for?"

The question went unanswered. Running short of immediate cash, the three brothers decided to pool up and after drawing a bill of sale, Bill had the say-so in writing it, on the bottom he added this paragraph: "In reselling this afore-mentioned sum, to be paid on condition that I wash my hands of the land entirely and leave the town at once." With that paragraph, the bill was made in duplicate and signed by the four of them. Bill kept one copy and they the other.

After receiving the money, the Shetland brothers hastily left him, while Bill sent the check to an El Paso bank in two or three days and have a swell splurge on the money.

A few days later when they met, Jim told Bill of the amazement and rage the Shetland brothers were going through when they discovered that there really was no oil on their land and that the agreement of sale was water-tight. Bill merely chuckled.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 10,000 Cash Down or Rs. 1200 Per Year for 10 Years

Rs. 15,000 MUST BE WON

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 4,000. Special Prizes:- Rs. 400 for Correct Solutions Posted on or before 16th May, 1935. Rs. 300 & Rs. 200 for the Senders of largest number of entries. Rs. 100 for the first 10 Correct Solutions Posted.

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Last Date for POSTING ENTRIES; 31st May 1935. Sealed Key Solutions with FUNNY MAGZIN.

HOW TO WIN?

Below are 12 words, some of which contain too many letters and some too few. Spaces are provided where letters are missing. A clue appears at the side of each word with instructions in brackets as to how many letters are to be CUT or PUT, and this is what all you have to do. In No. 1 you have RUPPEES—Offered for solving this Puzzle (Cut 1). A glance will show you that one 'P' must be removed and you have the correct solution RUPEES. Again in No. 2, you have E—GHT, Six plus two makes this (Put 1.) Obviously you will have to put the letter 'I' in the vacant space and you have EIGHT. Similarly, solve the others. **Some have no alternatives at all.** The letters in the words are in their proper order, and no shuffling is necessary.

No.								Clue	
1	R	U	P	P	E	E	S	Offered for solving this puzzle	*(Cut 1)*
2	E		G	H	T			Six plus two makes this ...	*(Put 1)*
3	S	T	I	N	G			Sound is heard when you do this ...	*(Cut 1)*
4		I	L	L				A document	*(Put 1)*
5	P	I	N	E				Lowest standard of value	*(Cut 1)*
6	P		N					It requires a point to be effective ...	*(Put 1)*
7	C	A	P	S	E			Worn by some people	*(Cut 1)*
8	P	O	I		E			Weight	*(Put 1)*
9	T	R	O	U	G	H		Violent	*(Cut 1)*
10	G	R	E					A Colour	*(Put 2)*
11	S	P	A	R	K			A grass field	*(Cut 1)*
12	B	U	M					Better keep yours hidden	*(Put 1)*

RULES.

An entrance fee of ONE RUPEE per entry must accompany by M. O. only and P. O. Receipts must be attached to entries, without which no solution will be considered. Any number of entries may be sent at the requisite fee, and **competitors are allowed to win any number of shares both in the first and the Second Prizes.** Results will be announced in THE RAINBOW of the 11th June 1935, available at all Railway Stalls. A copy of it will be sent to those enclosing two annas stamps. Manager's decision is final and legally binding, and is an express condition of entry. Other rules as usual.

Address all your entries and fees to :—

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MINIMUM PRIZE OF Rs. 30 GUARANTEED FOR EVERY CORRECT SOLUTION.

Rs. 25 for correct solutions posted on or before 15th May 1935.

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ENTRANCE FEE :—ANNAS 8 ONLY BY M. O. Last Posting Date 20th May 35.

Place a letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

Nos.	Words.	Meanings.	Nos.	Words.	Meanings.
1.	DOR—	Village	4.	POTENC —	Power
2.	DESCRI — E	Trace out	5.	LAB — UM	Lip
3.	MA — ELESS	Without a mate	6.	COM — — E	Hairy

GENERAL RULES: Reference Chambers XXth Century Dictionary. Bracketted words are not used. The correct solution is one that tallies with the sealed key solution in the possession of the Editor. Entries on plain paper, with name and Address in Block Letters. Any number of entries may be sent at the requisite fee. A Competitor can win more than one prize and also shares. In Commemoration of their Majesties Silver Jubilee, every competitor sending two or more entries will be posted with a free copy of The Ready Reckoner, containing 3400 four-lettered words found in Chambers XXth Century Dictionary, compiled by Mr. P. V. K. Moorthy, Professional Puzzle Solutionist. The book will be sent free to all Competitors, sending 2 entries or more irrespective of their winning cash prizes. The correct solution and the list of prize winners will be published in the June issue of the Commercial Tit-Bits of India, on the 5th of June '35. and copies of the same will be sent only to those who send an extra fee of one anna with the entrance fee. Address your entries and M. O. to:

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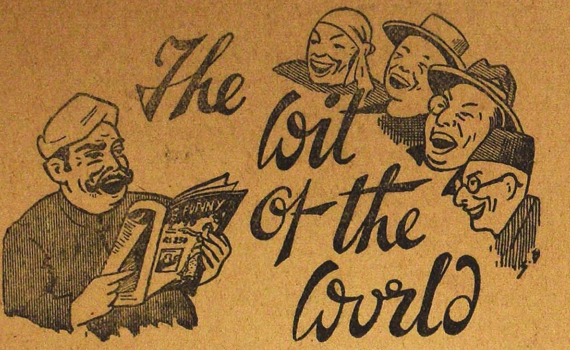


Easy-going

They were discussing the education of their children. "What's your boy going to be when he finishes at the university ?" asked one.

" An octogenarian, I fear," the other replied.—*Bee-Hive.*

* * * *

No Time for Fun.

The storm was increasing in violence and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard when the captain decided to send up a signal of distress. But hardly had the rocket burst over the ship when a solemn-faced passenger stepped up to the bridge.

" Captain," he said, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on any-one, but it seems to me that this is no time for letting off fireworks."—*The Chaser.*

* * * *

That Sort of Powder

" It says the man was shot by his wife at close range."

" Then there must have been powder marks on the body."

" Yes ; that's why she shot him,"—*Lorain Journal.*

* * * *

That's the Idea.

" My papa's a mounted policeman," said little Pat to his mother's visitor.

" Is that better then being a foot policeman ?" she asked.

' Course it is," replied Pat. "If there's any trouble, he can get away quicker."—*American Girl.*

* * *

Wait for It !

A fond father went to a school to see what progress his son was making. In response to his inquiry the principal said: "Your son will probably go down in history—"

" That's good news, " exclaimed the parent. The principal lifted his eyebrows, and continued: " But he might do better in geography and the other subjects. "—Grit.

* * *

Bad Shot.

First Burglar : "I need eye-glasses."
Second Ditto : "What makes you think so ?"

First Burglar : "Well, I was twirling the knobs of a safe and a dance orchestra began to play."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

* * *

Habit.

Reporter: " Why all the gloom?"
Editor: "I received a letter yesterday informing that I was the beneficiary of a large bequest; and in the rush, I replied: Your contributiou is returned with thanks, " — *Christian Science Monitor.*

* * *

Just In Case.

If I were you," a jeweller advised a youth, "I wouldn't have 'George to his dearest Alice "engraved on the ring If Alice changes her mind, you can't use the ring again."

" What would you suggest ?" asked the young man.

" I would suggest the words, George, to his first and only love."—*Abilene Reflector.*

* * * *

Doctor's Orders

The doctor's wife burst into her husband's consulting-room.

" John," she exclaimed breathlessly, " did you give a woman a certificate to-day saying that it was necessary for her health to take a day off?"

The doctor,who was rather absent-minded, nodded vacantly.

" Yes, my dear, " he replied, " I believe I did. "

" Very well, then, " she grimly announced, " that means you'll have to get your own dinner to-night. That woman was our cook. "

* * *

A Double Event

Twins arrived during the night. The next morning the proud father said to his schoolboy son :

" Yes need not go, to school to-day. I'll want you to run errands. You can tell your teacher to-morrow that you have two baby brothers."

The boy looked pleased. Suddenly his face went serious.

" I've got a better idea, dad," he said eagerly. " I'll tell teacher to-morrow that I've got one baby brother and then next week I can stay away again and tell her that I've got another one."

* * *

Every thing Was Shipshape

An old lady was being shown over a submarine for the first time.

After inspecting the interior of the vessel she came out on deck again and noticed the long gun.

" And doesn't that cannon get awfully wet when yon submerge? "she asked her guide, a Cockney sailor.

" Lord, luv yer, mum, no, " he replied. "When we submerge two sailors are told off to hold umbrellas over it."

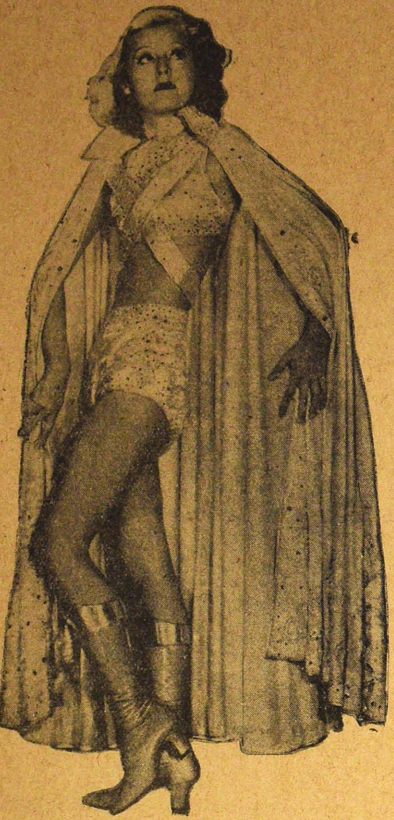
NO LIFE WITHOUT A CHILD

97% cure of sterility in women is guaranteed by CONCEPTO TABLETS Thoroughly tried by a German Doctor. Full course of treatment 24 tablets Rs 5/- (Money refunded if no conception)

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Steno House Agency, Amritsar.

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen



Lilian Harvey uses her own name for screen purposes. She is a native of Muswell Hill and was born on January 19. 1907; 5 ft. 3 in. tall. blue eyes and fair hair.

Eddie Cantor and His Relatives.

Eddie Cantor—and family-are expected in England when "Kid Millions" will be showing in the Cinemas, and he is wondering how many relatives he may meet over there. When he first made his stage appearance, at an amateur night in Bowery, he was an orphan, but since he has become well known any number of people have claimed relationship with him. To date he has thirty - two pairs of uncles and aunts, 212 cousins, "and" he adds "a brand new grandfather as a bonus."

British Film wins Mussolini Gold Cup.

Italy has recently had a film exhibition, and gold medals for the best acting for the year have been awarded to Wallace Beery for his acting in "Viva Villa" and Katharine Hepburn for her work in "Little Women."

A gold medal was also awarded to Walt Disney for his rabbit cartoon, and a silver medal for Frank Capra as the director of the most entertaining film, "It Happened One Night." The Mussolini Gold Cup for the best film was awarded to "Man of Aran," directed by Robert Flaherty, a British film.

His Sense of Humour.

William Powell, who is one of the easiest wearers of clothes in the film colony, was recently asked how he kept his figure. He answered, with the smile that has made him famous on the screen: "I owe it to my swimming pool" he said. "Everyday I go up to it and *give* it a long, piercing look, Also I *think* a lot about tennis, and *talk* a very good game of golf."

A Sequel to "The Thin Man."

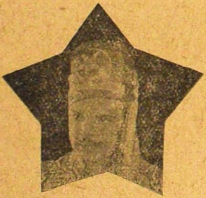
"The Thin Man" released recently at the Roxy, has been one of the Box office

Betty Stockfeld was born on January 15, 1903, at Sydney, N. S. W. She is 5 ft. 5 in. tall and has fair hair and blue eyes.

hits of America. So much so that I hear a sequel is now being written. This means

Katherine Hepburn was born at Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A. She is 5 ft. 5 in. tall with dark hair and eyes.

that William Powell will again play Nick the detective, and Myrna Loy will be his rich and adoring wife, and there will surely be a part for the dog, too, for he is one of the hits of the picture.



'Jan Nissar'
Now showing at 'Crown'

Second Dresslers.

It is conservatively estimated that, since Marie Dressler died last July, more than fifty thousand middle-aged and elderly women, with or without acting experience, have aspired to her position and her salary.

They have sent portraits of themselves as Dressler in practically every one of her many screen roles. They have claimed such close affinity with the beloved Marie as to envisage a world strewn with "second Dresslers."

Celebrity Stars.

Proposals to make film stars of Perry, the tennis champion, and of Scott and Black, the Melbourne fliers, leave me unexcited. Celebrities have seldom made good screen actors and, now that talkies have so enormously complicated the film actor's art, it is still more doubtful whether they ever will. Experience has proved, however, that a famous pianist in front of a Camera is apt to look like an irritable amateur. A professional actor will play the part far more convincingly.

FILMS TO SEE

ROXY

Forsaking All Others

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, A star-studded laugh-packed love thrill of 1933. Features Joan crawford, clark gable, Robert Montgomery, Billie Burke, Charles Butterworth, France Drake, Ted Healy etc.

"Sequoia"

Story by the celebrated author of Wild West Stories, Zane Grey. Jean Parker plays the part of a woodland girl, a lover of wild animals. Nothing since 'Trader Horn' to equal the thrills of this mighty romance. A Film you must see!

PARAGON

Finishing School

(Radio)

The story of a young School girl who breaks the rules of her school because she is taught that the sin lies in being found out. Very good entertainment Featuring Frances Dee Billie Burke Ginger Rogers and Bruce Cabot.

CATHERINE The Great

A Sċreen classic. Featuring Elizabeth Bergner the famous stage star, Douglas Fairbanks Junior and Diana Naphier. I needn't harp upon the excellance of this masterpiece. Suffice it to say that a film like this is made only once in a blue moon.

WELLINGTON

Life of a Bengal Lancer

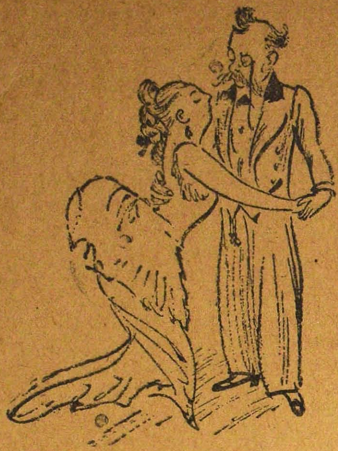
An eagerly awaited film Admirably acted. One wonders where it was shot; whether in India or California! Guy standing Aubrey Smith, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, and Gary Cooper share leading honours.

Enter Madame

Featuring Elissa Landi and Cary Grant. The names of the stars alone would make any film fan anxious to see the film. Elissa Landi puts in some very good acting as also Cary Grant. Do not miss this!

Do You Dance?

By J. H. ACOTT.



DANCING is such a well known and popular exercise that I cannot resist giving a few hints on it. As in all my articles, what I say may not be strictly conventional, and must not be taken as being gospel truth. But I trust that this one may result in greater skill in the art of dancing amongst my readers.

THERE are, as all you whirlers on the dance-floor must know, five rudimentary positions.

The first is as follows :—Heels together, feet turned out at an angle of 45 degrees, and the weight resting equally on both feet. If you are a man who takes size 14's in shoes, make the angle of your feet 75 degrees, otherwise you'll find yourself playing havoc with your partner's insteps. If you are a lady weighing not more than 300 pounds, your weight need not rest on your feet at all, but on your partner. If he is a small partner, you are allowed to fall on him and crush him to pulp. But in this case it is only decent that you pay his funeral expenses.

The second position :—Right foot extended to the side at a distance of about a foot from your left foot. The toe of the right foot is pointed to the floor. If you don't like the look of your partner, you may point the right toe at his or her nose and say, "Look out, you worm, I'm going to blind you!" The third position:— The heel of your right foot is placed round your partner's neck and you start singing "Under the old Apple Tree." Perhaps your partner may not like this. In which case you keep your heel where it is and sing "Bend Down Sister," or "Bend Down Brother," as the case may be.

Fourth position:— Right leg extended in front of the body, foot pointing to the floor, weight on the left foot. If you have corns on the toes of your left foot, substitute "Left Hand" for "Left Foot." If your partner treads on your fingers, grip him or her around the ankle and throw him or her to the ground. Then place your left foot, toe pointed downwards, on his or her chest and count from one to ten. When you get to "OUT!", call a butler and tell him to take the carcass away.

Fifth position ;— Cross the right foot over the left so that the right heel touches the left toe. In doing this you will most probably lose your balance and crash to the floor. But don't worry. There's many a slip 'twixt toe and lip and the hard, flinty floor.

Well, there you have the five positions. Now for one or two of the more common dances.

First, the Fox Trot. This, as you should all know, is danced to4—4 time, the gentleman advancing. If you are a gentleman and your partner wants you to advance more than a Ten Rupee note, you can cancel the Fox Trot.

In the first step you glide forward like a banana skin—left—right—left—right, (four times, you see?) You count four all the time, When you keep saying "Four," all the dancers who play golf will get out of your way and leave you a clear field. Or, if would prefer it, you may go on saying "Left—right—left—right—left! Come on, pick up the step there! Halt! Left turn! Order Arms!" But this is very seldom done

in a Fox Trot. I will not trouble to describe the next four steps. You just keep "Twirling" and "Twinkling" and "Hesitating" till you feel like a chota peg, or the band stops.

Now the Tango. This is a nice dance and nearly rhymes with "Banjo." But the latter has actually got nothing to do with it.

The gentleman holds the lady's right hand aloft in his left, their arms touching down to the elbow, If he likes to, the gentleman may, while holding the lady's hand aloft, sing "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush." And, If his partner lacks sex appeal, he needn't let his arm touch her down to the elbow. The finger tips will do. If she is an "IT" partner, then he can take her out under the moon and make love to her, giving her a lovely box of preserved potatoes!

If the lady is wise, her left hand rests on the gentleman's purse pocket ; if she is good-looking, like Venus used to be before she got married, the gentleman's right hand rests on the left side of her pelvic girdle, If not, he doesn't rest anything on her at all.

The first step is very interesting. The gentleman advances and the lady retires. This is not uncommon these days. It always brings to my mind Mae West's famous saying, "Come up and see me sometime." After this, our dancing lessons tell us, the gentleman walks 'stealthily" The reason for this is obvious. Hubby may be home at any minute.

Now, the lady commences on the left foot, and once more retires as the gent advances. At this juncture she must whisper, "Chase me, darling, I'm full of beans!" On beat 4 and 6 the lady rests on the left toe only, (that is, if she weighs 600 pounds,); on beat 5 she hops on the left foot, says "Whoopse!" and falls down' The gentleman must promptly telephone for the local crane to turn out in order to pick her up again.

We won't worry about the second step. One sees so much of it in the divorce columns.

There's not much to say about the Hesitation Waltz. The only way to become an adept at it is to hesitate to get up and dance it.

The 'Highland Scottische' is danced in two parts.

Part I:— Partners face each other, a short distance apart, and dance independently. (This idea was adopted from a suggestion from a person called Mrs. Grundy.) If they like, dancers may make faces or swear at each other.

First, you spring with both feet alighting on the left. Then you hop on the left foot, raising the right behind. You keep doing this for a few times, and, to give it a greater swing you chant, "One Grasshopper jumped over another Grasshopper's back."

Part II:— With right arms raised, left foot, linked, and left arms, partners hop twice on the on the right, twice on the left, twice on the right, and so on. When you've finished hopping, you'll feel just about fed up. You'll even come to the conclusion that drinking beer is a far better pastime.

Well, most probably the old Editor I send this to will think I've got bats in the belfry, cats in the bag, and water on the nose, but why worry? If he *does* print it, just think what a great service both he and I are doing the public!

GUARANTEED CASH PRIZE.

WIN Rs. 500

First Prize Rs. 300.
Second Prize Rs. 150.

Rs. 25 will be awarded for the sender of the largest number of entries and Rs. 25 for correct solutions posted on or before the 15th May 1935. (Entrance fee As. 8.)

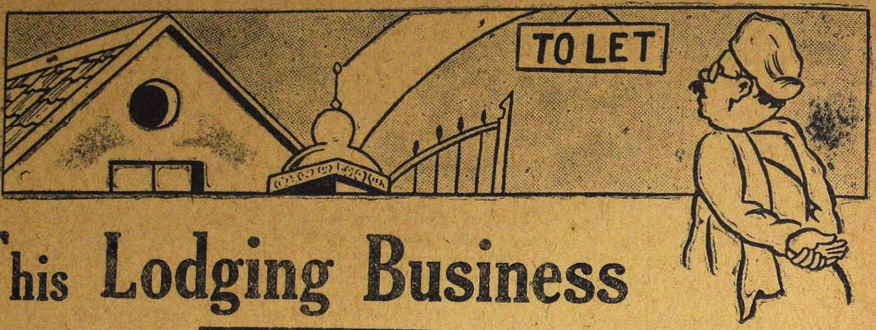
LAST POSTING DATE 24th MAY 1935.

	Words.	Clues.
1	*— i — — — w*	*Found in houses.*
2	*Retr — — —*	*Withdraw.*
3	*— — — — — — ore*	*Name of a Rly. station.*

Rules.—Every entry must be accompanied by an entrance fee of As. 8 only either in postal stamps or by postal orders. Entries must be submitted on plain paper with your full name and address. The correct solution is one which tallies with that in possession of the Manager. The decision of the Manager is final. The results will be published in the "Commercial Tit Bits of India" on the 5th June 1935. Those who require results must send in one anna stamp and the copy of the "Commercial Tit Bits of India" will be posted only to them on the 5th June 1935. Money orders will be sent to all the prize winners within 10 days after the closing date.

Address all entries and fees to :—

The Puzzle Manager, RAJAM & Co., Triplicane, MADRAS.



This Lodging Business

By P. C. BHATIA.

HAVE you ever been face to face with a lodging problem i.e., the problem of finding a new lodging when suddenly you develop a distaste for the old one, for reasons unknown, out of mere choice or of necessity? Well, then, you must have felt the dire urgency of it.

They say, old order changth, yielding place to new, and man easily gets wearied with the old surroundings and old things. The same thing happened with us. We discovered one fine morning that all of us had contracted a bitter dislike for the house we were in, and were of opinion that it had all the nuisances that can possibly be found in a bad house. So we decided to shift to some new lodging all at once Perhaps the house was too good to stay in any more.

NOW the best plan of finding a new lodging, which seemed to me, was, to consult every member of the family to give his or her opinion as to what he or she required to be in the new house That was the only sane and safe method, you understand.

I began to pen down the requirements of every individual.

First came the turn of the mother. She began to advise me by saying that as the family was big enough we must have a commodious house, independant in itself-a separate house, away from the other houses in the midst of a well-laid out garden. She added that she very much disliked the idea of a house joined to house like the compartment of a railway train.

My father told me that he would like a house in a remote corner of the city, far removed from the din and noise, preferably near some fields with a Persian wheel in them, where it should be possible for him to keep a cow and enjoy the open air and a generous view of the nature in its nakednes. He asserted that it should in no condition, be near the Railway Station, lest the noise of the engines should disturb his sleep at night.

My wife insisted that the house should be located in the busiest quarter of the city, that it should have been fashionably built, attractiveto look at, so that she may have ample chances for the fashion-parade of hers.

Little Sarala and Ratan desired that their school should be very near the new house, and that there should be ample scope of finding new class-fellows in the vicinity.

My own desire that the house should be located somewhere near the Roberts Pavilion or the Phoenix Club, where one could easily go in the evenings, seeing pictures or playing tennis or doing whatever else one liked, and for as long as one desired, without the least fear of being coaxed at home for coming 'so late'.

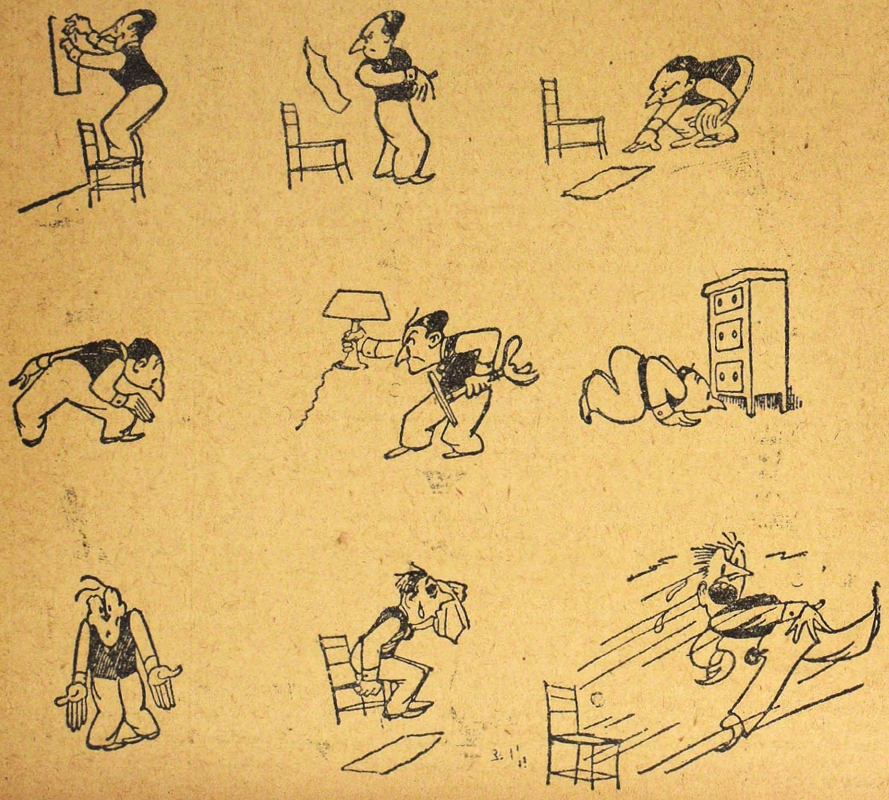
With everybody's reqnirements on the paper for guidance; I proceeded to examine the houses. However, the instructions did not seem to help me very much, for, if one person's instructions sent me to the other end of the city, another person's instructions brought me to this end, and a third one's sent me into the heart of the city. But, somehow, I contrived to manage it, for, I experienced no difficulty in finding out the houses except that some landlords, after letting lodgers in, had not yet removed the "To Let" boards I made a thorough search of hundreds of houses throughout the city, near the station and away from it, in the centre of the, town and on the far outskirts, houses with fine gardens on the outside, houses with sunny views, houses with majestic appearances and all that, but I could not decide upon anything, except that each one of the houses seen was perfecly all right but for almost only one defect, which, in each case, took to be so important as to disqualify each house from coming up to the selection-grade. If a house happened to be too costly, the other was far too cheap, and was far below the standard, or was not to my taste. If one was an old fashioned one, the other was far too modern If in one case, there were dirty surroundings, in the other, the neighbours were not Punjabis, so that there would be difficulty of understanding them aud their language and manners;.........and, in fact, neither did the words on the paper allow me to hire a house, nor the individuals behind the words.

And if, however, after a lot of discussion, and suggestion, persuasion and instigation, everybody became ready to be content in the new house, little Sarala and Ratan wouldn't. They would insist, in their own childish and obstinate way that they would have to travel a long distance to reach the school. Try hard as you would, they wouldn't give way. Their demand was, and continues to be, stated in plain language, that either the house should be dragged near the school or, the school should be reconstructed near the house. Tell them they would be given bikes or tonga or a motor-lorry, but they would simply shake their heads, from left to right or from right to left. And if you satisfy the younger ones, you displease the elder ones———which you cannot afford to do

So, under these trying circumstances, I decided that before hiring a house, I should either go in search of a magic wand which should be able to make the new lodging, or the old lodging, or any other lodging for that matter, fulfil all the desireable conditions of all the members of my family, namely, that; it should under the influence of the magic wand, contract and expand, be at the same time in a crowded mohalla, and away from the bustle, should be on one side as near the Phoenix Club or the Roberts Pavilion, as it should, on the other side be near the school; it should be very near the Railway Station, yet be proof against any noises coming. Or, I should look forward to a landlord who should consult me before building the new house, and will fulfil all the conditions——the essentials of a new house.

In the meanwhile, we continue to be in the same old house with all the disadvantages and all the nuisances that can be found in a bad house

THE MISSING PUSH-PIN.



A minimum prize of Rs. 50 is guaranteed in each competition for every all-correct solution.

Rs. 1,500 MUST BE WON.

Last Date for posting entries:—22nd May, 1935.

PRIZES AND RESULT WILL BE POSTED TO ALL ENTRANTS WITHIN TEN DAYS

Entrance Fee for each competition, Annas 8 for each entry, or Rs. 10 for each set of 25 entries, or Rs. 40 for any number of entries, payable by M.O.

Prizes for each competition :— **First prize, Rs. 500**, for the all-correct solution. **Second Prize, Rs. 150**, for one-error solution, and **Special Prize, Rs. 100**, for two senders of the largest No. of entries.

Sealed Key Solution of each competition is deposited with the Imperial Bank of India, Sialkot.

I. T. COMPETITION NO. 4.

What you have to do.

"The Director, Intelligence Test Bureau, takes this opportunity to inform all ___1___ lovers of puzzle competitions that it is ___2___ on account of their ___3___ worth that his ___4___ competitions are so popular and ___5___. They are run ___6___ on honest and business lines."

In the foregoing two sentences fill up each blank space with one word, using the six best words. Words from which the correct solution is chosen are given below. No word should be repeated.

Intelligent.	Attractive.	Definitely.	Flourishing.
Genuine.	Strictly.	Winsome.	Excellent.
Intrinsic.	Simply.	True.	Sterling.
Solely.	Real	Only.	Inherent.
Wise.			

The two sentences need not be reproduced : write only the 6 selected words with the numerals indicating the blank spaces.

I. T. COMPETITION NO. 5.

Substitute one letter for each dash.

No.	Incomplete words	Meanings and clues.
1	LO—ER	He is always hoping to win.
2	SEAMA—	Is used to the sea.
3	D— —KEY	An ass.
4	—AILS	Birds have them.
5	F— —TLESS	Having no feet.
6	SIM—A	An Indian Railway Station.
7	BO—	Neckwear.
8	B—LL	A round body.
9	MADRA—	An Indian Town.

Rules & Conditions governing both Competitions.

Meanings are exactly reproduced from Chamber's 20th. Century Dictionary, pp. 1—1150. Clues are direct and definite. Entrance fee for both competitions may be sent by one M.O. and any nnmber of plain paper entries submitted under one cover. No correspondence will be entered into. M.O. receipt and a self-addressed stamped envelope bearing 9 pies stamp, must accompany entries. In case of ties prizes will be divided. Prize amount will vary in proportion to entries received. The all-correct solution is one which agrees with the Sealed Key Solution deposited with the Imperial Bank. Excluding the Special Prize, a winning competitor can receive only one prize. On all relative matters, the Director's decision is final, legally binding and an express condition of entry.

All communications to :— **The Director,**

Intelligence Test Bureau, Sialkot City.

Correct sealed solutions of I.T. Competitions Nos. 2 & 3.

Last posting date, 26-4-35 :—1. WEALTH. 2. DARK 3. PUN. 4. HOLD. 5. BLOT. 6. BLONT. 7. SEASE. 8. COACH.

2	8	2
4	4	4
6	0	6

All prize monies & detailed result leaflets were posted to all entrants on 4-4-35. For these LEAFLETS apply with 9 pies stamp.

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STORYETTES

What He Left Behind

Colonel Cooke has an amusing story of Father Bernard Vaughan, whom he met at the house of his brother, Colonel Vaughan. He was travelling by train, and in a crowded carriage.

There sat a very unpleasant traveller who in every way made himself objectionable. At last he got out and moved up the platform. Bernard Vaughan put his head out of the window and called to the man: " You have left something behind in the carriage." The man hastened back, looked in at the window and asked what it was he had left. " A very bad impression, ', said Father Bernard,

* * * *

FAME

One day Frank Harris and Oscar Wilde were crossing the Pont Neuf in Paris when they saw coming towards them a certain French poetess renowned for her ugliness. Harris was embarrassed to having to introduce Oscar Wilde, who did not appreciate ugliness, but there was no help for it :—

"I have heard of you," she said, when Wilde was presented.

"And I of you, Madame," he replied,

I have no doubt," she said, bitterly. "I am known for my face—the ugliest in Paris."

Wilde made a gallant gesture and a bow. "In the world, Madame," he replied.

* *

Frank Harris's Recipe.

Frank Harris, insisted that the only drink a man should take was white wine, and his formula for drinking was cynically simple :—

"You should start, my boy, with white wine *mature*, but always keep an eye on your nose ! When you see that your nose is becoming red, you should dilute the wine with Vichy, increasing the proportion of Vichy until your nose is white again. Then, as soon as your nose is thoroughly white, dispense with the Vichy completely until it is red again, and so on."

* *

Four Taxis.

Another queer character was Uzlac, an artist, who had been at Sarajevo when the Austrian Archduke was shot in 1914. He was accused of being in the plot, and, though never convicted, spent the war in a Serbian prison. When he came to Paris he was very poor :—

On those rare times when he sold a picture his wife always knew of it at once by the method of his arrival. Looking out of the window she would see three or four taxis drive up to the door. In the first would be Uzlac, in the second his case, in the third his hat, and in the fourth his coat !

* *

The Princess's Legacy

A fantastic story was told by an American named Leaming, who claimed to have been a monk in Russia. In 1919, he said, a Russian princess of great beauty died in Paris in her twenty-third year. Her will provided that a large vault should be built in Pere Lachaise cemetery. She herself was to be placed in a coffin made entirely of glass. The coffin was to be sealed hermetically in such a way that her body would be preserved in perfect condition for many years.

All this, Leaming said, was done:—

The coffin had been placed on end so that the body seems to be that of a lovely woman standing in natural position. The remainder of the vault had been furnished with a fine bed, bookshelves and books, even a bath with running hot and cold water.

The princess's fortune of well over a million francs is left to "the man who shall pass one entire year within the vault alone with the lovely ivory-skinned lady." Only two men, Leaming said, had tried it—"a Dutchman who stayed two months and later went insane, and a Russian, who stayed but one night."

* *

Kept his word !

Finnety once swallowed poison in the cloakroom of the Jockey bar one day. Hilaire Hiler, the artist, who was managing the Jockey, heard groans and applied a stomach pump promptly. After that he demanded what Finnety had against him that he should try to ruin his business by committing suicide in his bar :—

"The next time you want to commit suicide," he finished up, "go somewhere else."

"Where shall I go, then ? " said Finnety.

"Well," said Hiler, thoughtfully, 'the 'Dome' is my big rival, you know,' The next day Finnety was found dead in the wash room of the 'Dome.'

[stamp]

WHAT HE FORGOT

By SHEIK IFTEKAR RASOOL.

'SO he's found out at last!'

As he murmured these words Narinjan Babu stared down at the typewritten note which he held in his hand, and which his chief, Radheshayam Mukerji,, had just sent him by special messenger from the office.

On the face of it, it was a very ordinary note, and no one but Narinjan Babu would have sensed the menace conveyed in the few curt words.

'Mr. R. Mukerji would be glad to see Mr. Narinjan Babu at his office to-night at 9 p.m.

That was all, but volumes could not have conveyed more clearly to Narinjan Babu's guilty conscience the fact that what he had feared ever since he knew that the boss was personally going through the firm's books had come to pass. His defalcations had been discovered-as sooner or later he had always known that they must be. It was to brand him as a thief and to announce his punishment that Mukerji had made this appointment.

Yet, on the surface, there was nothing unusual in a summons of this kind. It was Mukerji's business way of dealing matters with responsible members of the firm after hours. The very wording of the note was the stereotyped form he invariably used in such cases.

But Narinjan Babu knew-he knew-

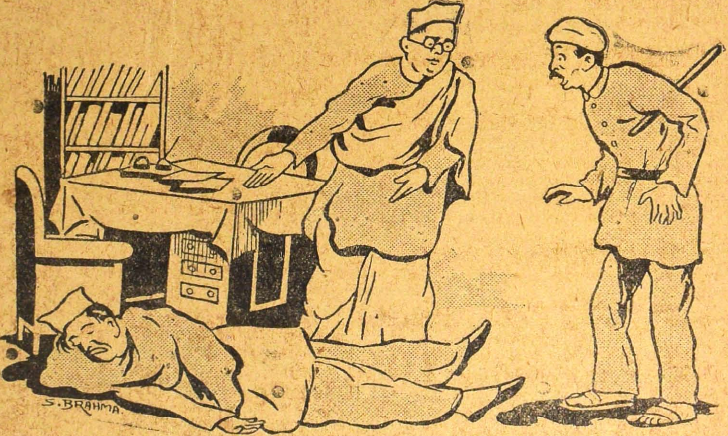
SO certain had he felt of what was going to transpire that, pleading indisposition, he had not gone to the office that afternoon, so that his chief's note had had to be sent to his private address.

He went over and sat at his desk, the note smoothed out before him. It was as if he sought inspiration from the very words which spelled his doom. Presently a slow smile spread over his features.

Opening a small drawer in the desk he took out a tiny bottle and a fine paint-brush, He dipped the brush in the liquid which the bottled held, and with careful deliberation drew it over he '9 p.m.' in the note before him. With the passing of the brush the lettering vanished, so that the note now read' .... at his office to-night—'.Narinjan Babu had not been in the Censors' office during the war for nothing.

Once dry, the paper became white and unmarked, He carried the sheet across to his own typewriter, which was of the same standard make as those used in the office, and carefully adjusting it, depressed the keys. The note now read:

'Mr. R. Mukerji would be glad to see Mr. Narinjan Babn at his office to-night at 10 p.m.'



"My God !......what has trappened ?"

Taking it to the window he examined it approvingly. There was nothing-absolutely nothing-to show that the letter had been tampered with in any way.

'So much for that,' he murmured

to himself, and, folding it, placed it in his pocket-case

He glanced at his wrist-watch and saw it was half-past five. He replaced the bottle and then, first of all enclosing his hands in gloves, opened another drawer, and drew out a small revolver, at which he gazed reflectively,

At ten minutes past six he entered his club at the Lower Circular Road, and ordered dinner for seven sharp At half past seven he left the club and went out for a walk towards his office.

The office of the Eastern Export Company was but three minutes walk away, and eight had not struck when he entered it. He had no doubt about finding the boss there. He knew his habits. On these nights when he worked late Mukerje ignored such a triviality as dinner, going straight on from closing time until he had finished whatever it was he had set himself to do.

One circumstance struck Narinjan Babu as he entered the building. The porter Rao who should have been on duty was not there. Probably he had slipped out for a cup of tea or on some errand; he was a new man and not over reliable. The fates seem to be with him after all.

II.

When twenty minutes later, Narinjan Babu emerged into the street once more, He noticed that the porter was still missing. This was important, as it meant that no one had seen him enter or leave the building. A load, which had oppressed him for days, had been lifted from his mind.

He got a tram for Amherst Road, and at 8·40 was composedly asking to see Mr. Mukerji at the latter's house. Mr. Mukerji was away, he was told. Would he like to see Mrs. Mukerji? He replied in the affirmative.

After chatting for a little while he called up Mr. Mukerji's number and waited. He received the exchange notification of 'No reply' with apparent surprise. He felt that in this crisis he was behaving with considerable skill.

'I can't get through to him,' he said hanging up the receiver, 'so there's nothing for it but to go.'

At 9·30 he left the house, and at five minutes to ten was once more at the office. This time the porter was at the entrance, and Narinjan Babu wished him cheery good-evening,

'I'm going to see the chief,' he explained. He's working late to-night.'

Two minutes he later entered the room, where everything was as he had left it one and three-quarter hours ago. The grim evidence of his crime lay huddled on the floor, and, cool and callous as he was, the murderer could not suppress a shudder.

But he had his part to play, and did not lose his head. Rushing to the top of the stairs he called loudly to the porter,

'Munji, come at once Something terrible has happened.'

The startled man came tearing up the stairs, to fall back with a cry of horror as he crossed the threshold.

'My God,' he exclaimed. ,What has happened?'

'Murder!' was Narinjan Babu's grim reply. 'Mr. Mukerji has been murdered. You had better remain here.' I will ring for the police.'

III

Detective Inspector Behram Murzban looked half-apologetically at the culprit.

'You will pardon these questions, sir, but I must do so as a matter of routine.'

'I understand perfectly, my dear chap,' he replied. 'Ask me what you like. My only wish is to help you in any way to clear up this terrrble business and bring the miscreant to justice. You have found out nothing yet, I suppose?'

'Very little,' the Inspector admitted gloomily,' save that the murder was almost certainly committed during the half-hour that the porter Munji confessed he was absent from his post.'

The two days that had passed since the murder had left their mark on Narinjan Babu. Outwardly he was as calm and as sure of himself as ever, but in reality it was not so. Reviewing the precautions he had taken against discovery, it still seemed to him that he had left no loop-hole, and he was not worried on that account.

The following morning he braced himself up to answer the detective's question.

'On the afternoon of the murder you received a summons from Mr. Mukerii to meet him that evening at the office, did you not?'

'I did: feeling unwell, I did not go to work that afternoon. I received my chief's note at tea-time.'

'Ah, he sent a note? You have not by any chance kept it.'

'As a matter of fact, I have. It struck me that you might like to see it.'

He took it out of the pocket and handed it to the inspector, who glanced through it rapidly.

Have you any idea what he wished to talk to you about? he asked.

'I really have not; it was probably regarding a government tender which he had just been asked to put in.'

'I see. Now will you kindly give me your movements in detail from the time you received this message until the time when going to the office you found your employer lying dead?'

Narinjan Babu drew a long breath. Although he had very well planned the whole thing, he could not satisfactorily satisfy the inspector.

After hearing, the inspector rose to go.

'I have been very much upset at my employer's dreadful end,' said Narinjan Babu rather half-heartedly.

IV

Detective-Inspector Behram Murzban was frankly puzzled. Step by step he had put Narinjan Babu's statement to the proof, and had found it fully corroborated. He had interviewed Mrs. Mukerji, who bore out what he had said.

He went off to his own office, and pondered over his difficulty, and gradually evolved a theory which was to prove not far from the truth.

Early next morning, he presented himself at Narinjan Babu's rooms, his keen gaze noting with satisfaction the ravages of another sleepless night.

'What have you come for,' Narinjan Babu asked. 'Have you found out anything?'

'Yes,' said the inspector abruptly, 'we have found the murderer.'

'The murderer!' he exclaimed. 'Who......who......'

'I'll tell you in a minute,' he answered. 'But first of all, let me give you back this, which I took away by mistake the other night. It is the letter fixing your appointment with Mr. Mukerji, I believe.'

Narinjan Babu took it with a hand which would not keep steady.

It was not the letter, but the carbon copy of the original—a copy the possible existence of which he had completely overlooked—and on this carbon copy the hour of his appointment was shown as 9 p.m.

'Narinjan Babu,' said the inspector gravely, 'I arrest you for the murder of Radheshayam Mukerji!'

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THE ALL-INDIA PUZZLES ACADEMY, DAKOR (Gujrat).

On the Horns of a Dilemma

By SARDAR MANSING.

MRS. BEVIS TERNER was a dark 'brunnette' beauty—a type of beauty that arrests the imagination, bewitches the senses and imprints an indelible impession on the mind of an onlooker. And she was only twenty! She was so pretty, yet so pointless always worrying about something, her bank-balance or her lover. There was never a more distracted woman. There, she had been with generations at the back of her; her father a seventh Earl; with a rich husband and with her photograph in some paper or the other every week.

"Your bath's ready, Madame," the maid announced.

Languidly BEVIS pushed back the bed cloths, slipped her arms into a fur-lined jacket and her feet into fur-lined slippers. As she walked across the room, she was conscious of the change of atmosphere. "Twelve months ago," she thought "I should have shivered with cold at the bare idea of getting up, of pushing my bed-clothes back, of scampering down a draughty passage. Twelve months ago," she said loudly to herself, as she sank back into the hot and scented water, "I should have been seated at an office desk, typing invoices, transcribing notes, answering telephone calls, feeling like nothing on earth after being up the night before till three. I can scarcely believe I'm the same woman."

SHE WAS THE SEEDLING OF 'EFFETE' ARISTOCRACY.

FROM the bed-room the telepone began to ring. She listened impatiently to its ringing during the couple of minutes that passed before the maid could answer it. She had a telephone extension in her bath-room too, but she hated using it. It was uncomfortable and besides it spoilt one's bath.

"Who is it?"

"Mr. A. R. Khan."

Bevis pouted. That boy again. Seven-page letters. Then telephone calls within half an hour of one's getting them. He, really, was too tiresome.

"oh, yes, I'll speak to him; bring in the telephone."

Her eyes were bright as she listened to the voice that she had heard for the first time at dinner the previous night.

"You can't think," it said, "How disappointed I was not to be able to come on to the dance."

"It was a jolly dance."

"That wasn't the reason."

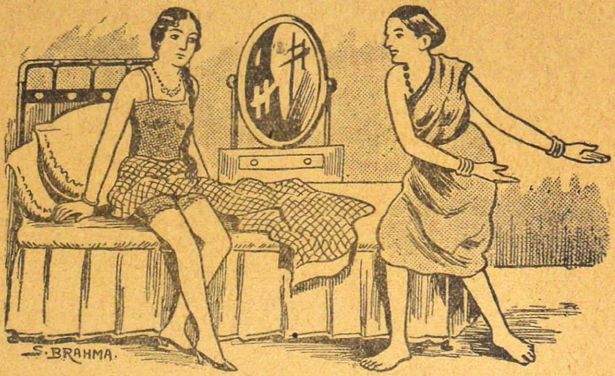
His voice was confident and audacious.

"There are so many things that I hadn't time to ask you," he went on.

"What kind of things?"

"Whether you are as Victorian as that white period frock made you look?"

"In what way Victorian?"



"Who is it"

"Tell him to leave a number where I can ring him up at lunch-time," she told the maid.

Then she would explain next time, she met him how the number had been persistently engaged.

Another minute and there was another call.

"Who is it now?"

"Mr. M. A Khad.,'

This time there was no pouting of the lips, no hesitation of the voice.

"Mr. M. A. Khan?" she inquired

"I wondered whether you only accepted invitations with your husband?"

She hesitated. It was the question that in different ways a good many men had put to her in the last few months. Were she and Ranf a modern couple who went out separately? It was a question that she preferred to answer in her own way.

"My husband isn't free to accept every invitation"

"Then if you werent about the busiest person in London, I'd be asking you whether you couldn't manage to lunch with me?"

It was an answer she had expected.

"What makes you think I'm as busy as all that?" she asked

"The number of times I see your name and photograph in the papers. You are the kind of person, aren't you, that one's got to book weeks ahead?"

"Months!"

I don't suppose you've a single day free for lunch during the next fortnight?"

She hesitated. Would it be injudicious to tell him that she had the whole day blank? A year ago she would have decided that it was. She remembered she and ZITA had discussed that very subject over their poached eggs and macaroons. There should be a three days' interval at least, they had decided. But then a year ago, she had been unestablished, she had been fighting for her position. Men had accepted her at her own valuation of heself. To-day, no one would imagine that it was anything, but her own free will that had left her with an empty day. She could afford to tell the truth.

"As a matter of fact," she confessed, "I'm free to-day."

"To-day?"

"Now, of course, you'll say to-day's the one day when you are engaged."

"I was a minute and a half ago."

She laughed.

"In that case where'll we meet?"

"Green's?" he suggested.

"If you don't make it too early."

"Half past one"

"Right. Half past one,"

Her elation subsided a little as she put the receiver back. It was fun to have made a conquest. But the conquest once made, there was really no point to it. She knew quite well how things would go. She would lunch once or twice with him at a restuarant, then he would ask her to dine with him in his flat. There would be unpleasantness. There was, no point really in going out with AKBAR. There was nothing more to it than the slight thrill of seeing how he would manoeuvre. Still one had to have one's thrills, she reflected, as she stood indecisively before a wardrobe filled with clothes.

* *

Twenty minutes later, she was talking on the telephone to ZITA.

"Do you mind if we cancel our theatre to-night?" BEVIS asked.

"You mean you'd rather, we dined quietly. I am quite willing. We'll have a bachelor evening. Where'll we go?"

"No where. I mean, you see darling, things have got a bit involved."

"Are you trying to call our evening off?"

"In a way, yes. I mean, if you...."

"Silly thing, if two sisters can't alter dates, who can? What's happened?"

"That's just what I wanted to talk to you about. The thing is, you see —,"

"Now what are you trying to say, my dear?"

BEVIS mede a desperately gallant effort to explain.

Miss Nalini Turkhud, the Indian Film Star.

"What I was trying to say was that though I want to put 'this' off, I don't want you to let any one know that I have———."

"I see."

There was a pause; then:—"That sounds dramatic enough to be a bit of my life rather than a bit of yours," ZITA said saucily.

There was another pause.

Then more seriously. "Look here," ZITA put in "you are not making a fool of yourself, are you?"

"Of course, I'm not."

"I hope not; only............" she paused, "there are times, you know when I feel you need looking after like a child of two."

"You needn't worry about that" BEVIS answered. Meet me at the Sport's CLUB at five o'clock and I'll explain."

"And now," she thought, "for a couple of hours in my hairdressers, if I'm not to look the veriest fright in the world this evening."

* *

The very fact of her excitement over this new friendship with M. AKBAR KHAN was 'proof,' all was not as it should have been with her. It was many weeks since she had stood so long before her wardrobe wondering what frock to wear, since she had spent so many minutes before her looking glass, smoothing the powdered surface of her cheeks, pencilling the close-plucked eye-brows, pursing her lips before drawing the lip-stick over them. But inspite of the care that she had given to her dressing, she was ready a quarter of an hour before M. AKBAR KHAN was due to call for her.

She had just risen to her feet and was taking a last, slow turn before her mirror, when there was a tap on the door and in answer to eer "come' in," RAUF her husband walked into the room. She was so astonished that for a moment, she could not speak, so astonished that RAUF could not help laughing.

"Don't look, as though you'd seen a ghost," he said. Her an wering laugh was weak and unconvincing.

'I'm sorry...I...I'm so surprised. I thought you were changing at your office."

"I hurried back to catch you before you went out."

"My darling, that was so sweet of you. But why?"

"I don't feel in the mood for an OLD BOYS' DINNER; dull speeches, and heavy drinking. I thought it would be much more fun if we could

do something.',

"But I'm going out."

"I know. With ZITA."

"Yes, with ZITA."

"Then surely, the three of us could do something. We might go to the "Imperial'."

In spite of that first start and although her heart was beating as she had rarely known it beat, BEVIS kept her head cool. She recognised and appreciated every implication of the situation. "He thinks, I'm dining with ZITA," she thought. "He sees no reason, why he shouldn't join us." Nor would there be any, if she were, as he supposed, dining with her sister. Some how she had to persuade him that there was. And persuade him quickly, since within ten minutes or perhaps less, AKBAR KHAN would call on her and for her. Somehow AKBAR KHAN had to be stopped before he could reach her.

And there was RAUF, assuming blandly that his scheme would be convenient to her.

"I'll run and change," he was saying. "I won't keep you long. you might ring up and book a table."

"But RAUF, I'm not curtain——— you see———"

She passed, indescriminate, uncertain of her excuse.

He looked round at her with surprise.

"Not certain ?"

"It's going to be rather difficult."

"How. What are you doing ?"

"Only just dining."

"Then I don't see why we shouldn't make three some. ZITA and me are quite good friends."

"I know, you are, but there's something that ZITA wanted to ask me about spacially."

"Some lad or other ?"

"That's what it is usually."

"I suppose so. In that case———" he besitated. She felt a cad. And it was so silly. There had been no need for deceit. She could have so easily said that she was dining out with AKBAR KHAN. She had slipped into a lie. One had to stand by one's lies. If she were to say now that she was dining with a man inevitably, he would think her manner curious.

She trembled with impatience to get to the telephone and stop AKBAR KHAN. Every minute was of importance. Yet there was RAUF standing, his fore-head wrinkled; trying to see if there were not some solution to be found. While all the while that he was pondering in another part of KARACHI, AKBAR KHAN was finishing his dressing, was getting ready to start out; had probably started out. In a few moments, he would have arrived. And how in HEAVEN'S name was she to explain that arrival ?

"I must stop him," she thought. "I must!" Her fingers itched to get at the receiver of the telephone.

"How would it be, if we all three went off dining," RAUF suggested. "Then, after dinner, I could go to my club for a rubber and leave you two girls to talk ? That would give you all the time you need for your confessions. One can't begin to talk seriously, till one's had one's coffee."

BEVIS laughed at that.

"A man may not, but a woman can If you know ZITA, she'll arrive bursting with excitement and jabble it all out before she's through a cocktail."

"I should have thought ZITA was rather a reserved person,"

"Not when she's anything to be unreserved about. She's been bottling this up for days. I am terribly sorry, but she'd be mad if she were not to find there alone, when she arrived.

RAUF shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well, I suppose you'd better go alone if that's the case. BEVIS sighed inwardly with relief. If this was what ZITA had meant by telling her that secrecy was not her cup of tea, she most heartily agreed with her. It most definitely was not. She prayed HEAven, as she turned towards the bathroom into which the telephone had been moved, that it was not too late to warn AKBAR KHAN.

She had not reached it, howeye, before, RAUF had come back out of his dressing-room.

"I'm sure, you're right about ZITA being upset at finding me there if she had not expected me, but supposing I were to ring her up and explain things and tell her I'd be going away directly after dinner. Don't you think that would put things straight?"

"No, darling, no."

"Don't you think so? Well any way, I might as well ring her up and ask. It's too late now for OLD BOY'S DINNER and I don't want to dine at my club alone, If I can help it I'll just ring up ZITA and see."

"But that was more than BEVIS could risk to be genial about. ZITA in all probability is out; her mother would answer the telephone, she would say: "ZITA she's with some boy or other. I don't know who ?" At all costs that must be prevented.

"No, No Rauf," She said impatiently. "I know ZITA and I know what worries her, If any one's got to speak to her, I will. You wait there, while I try and get her."

And now to get through to AKBAR KHAN, she thought as she burried through the corridors into the bathroom. She had no idea what she would do, if she found he had started. How she would explain the appearance of AKBAR in her drawing room ?

In the other room she could hear RAUF moving about. She thanked HEAVENS for the dialing system that saved her from having to bawl a number into the mouthpiece, as she dialed AKBAR'S number in to the mouthpiece, and not her sister's. In a fever of nervousness, the receiver pressed against her ear, she waited. There was a long pause, then the steady ringing of a connected number. The seconds passed. "If he is in his flat," BEVIS said to herself, "he must have heard. Probably, he wasn't in his flat. Probably he had already started ? He is on his way here. In a few minutes, he will be ringing at the bell. How'll I explain him' ? What'll he do ? How shall I make him realise what's happened ? Had I better go down into the hall—straightaway and wait for him ? Had I ?"

But before she could exhaust the alternatives, there had come from the other end a slightly impatient voice.

"AKBAR KHAN speaking, who is that ?"

Her relief was so great that she could not even laugh at his formality.

"'It's me BEVIS TERNER," she whispered, her lips pressed close into the mouthpiece. "Can you hear me ? Yes ? That's all right then. Look here, don't call for me. I'll call for you That's all"

A moment later, she was walking into the bed room, shaking her head.

"I'm sorry, RAUF," she said. 'No answer. ZITA has already started, I'm afraid."

"Wasn't your mother in ?"

"No all out"

"I thonght, I heard you talking."

"That was an argument with the EXCHANGE. I'm sorry, but I am afraid there's nothing for you but the bachelor dinner."

She smiled brightly, but it was with self-hatred in her heart, that she raised herself on her toes to kiss him "It's awful," she thought, "awful why

(Continued on page 33)

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2.	D A – –	2. *Moist*
3.	G L – B E	3. *Earth*
4.	– – N Y	4. *Small*
5.	S – A R E	5. *Scanty*
6.	E – – D E	6. *Avoid*
7.	T R – –	7 *Moves on wheels.*
8	– – N –	8. *More than one*

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Address all your entries and Money order's to :—

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THE Silver Jubilee

By J. W. George

1. There are happy events in history,
Days of victory and matrimony,
But the greatest of all,
Which on May sixth doth fall,
Is their Majesties Silver Jubilee.

2. During twenty five years of their reign,
They have undergone pleasure and pain;
When the great War did start,
They were forced to take part,
But their wise rule brought success again.

3. By their many kind deeds from the start.
They have shown what a king can impart,
They have won a great name,
World-wide honour and fame,
From boastful and simple of heart.

4. All the nations and kingdoms unite,
By willingly giving their mite,
Both the high and the low,
Even friend and the foe
Join in one, in this common delight.

5. Let us all join together and raise,
To the king of all kings, our praise,
For His great tender care
On that royal pair
Who have ruled with His help all these days.

6. May the father of all—God of Love,
Shower His blessings on them from above;
May he grant them long life
Perfect peace without strife
That their reign may be called, 'Reign of Love.'

(Continued from page 31)

should I have to lie and cheat and all for nothing ?"

The fondness of his kiss increased that feeling.

"Where are you dining?" he asked her.

"Cafe Grand," she answered him at hazard.

"Then wherever, I go later in the evening," he said "I'll promise you 'it' shan't be there."

Bevis was trembling in every limb as she walked down the stairs.

"Heavens! but what a life of a woman like Go Pi Ku must be! She thought, as she sank back into the cushions of the car, having given the chauffeur the direction "Cafe Grand," from which a minute after she had been deposited there, she would leave unceremoniously to take a taxi to Akbar's flat. What a life! What a frame of a life, she thought. Some people get a kick out of the machinery of deception, but she very emphatically did not. Nevertheless the ordeal was great that within a few minutes her hair had grown grey and the world began to swim before her eyes. But she had to keep the appointment! And in future, if ever she did go out," she coaxed herself into a promise," It will be with her darling husband Rauf.

Her heart had only just began to beat normally again, when she arrived at Akbar's flat, a prematurally old woman

THE COUNTERFEIT

By J. NARINI.

MARRIAGE is a nuisance. I found that out when quite a youth in the college, and before I passed out as a graduate it was a settled thing with me never to marry in this life. But I was not, however, willing to give up the sweet pleasures of love. I was born too sensitive to the beauty of that sublime emotion. Hence I adopted the principle of 'Ever Courting and Never Marrying' as my motto with regard to women in life. And it seemed that the gods at my birth must have destined me to act such a role in life. For I had all the necessary gifts: I was clever, was quite handsome, enjoyed the highest social position, and, what was perhaps even more important than all these, I had enough wealth at my command. And of course I did successfully carry on the game for a number of years, till one appeared on the scene, and then—but I had better tell you the whole thing from the very beginning.

ONE day, while enjoying a Tamil version of Hamlet, in the beautiful new theatre of Alleppey, I saw one of the finest birds in all creation. I threw towards her a few of those glances of mine, glances that are so well known in every fashionable social circle. I often used these mild arrows of Cupid as feelers to know the exact strength of resistance I would have to encounter. But those arrows had at times been quite sufficient to kill a few. For such weaklings I had only contempt. Poor little creatures that could not stand the first amourous glance of a man. But here in this case, I could read in those clear dark eyes a soul that hid deep and subtle passions, which were not meant to be opened up so easily to ordinary men.

Before the end of the play she got out. I followed her; and then I was a little surprised to find that she had a beautiful car of her own in which she drove to the beach. I hurried after her and found her walking alone on the beach. From a distance I found her walking and the fine sweep of her figure so very attractive. In the full blood of moon light, with the wild waves of the sea chaffing at her feet, she appeared like another 'Margaret' (for whom old Merman of the sea pined away his life).

It was not a very difficult thing to start a conversation with a lady walking alone on the beach, and she appeared far more amiable than I expected; and so we easily passed the talking-on-weather stage that night. When she wanted to leave I said, "when can I have the pleasure of meeting you again?"

"Well, if it is a pleasure you can have it this day next week. At about 8 in the night you will find me on this very spot; now good night"

"Good night."

A very bold lady; but remarkably sincere and straight forward. After that we met two or three times a week, and before long I had so far advanced in my love affair that I found that she was glad enough to meet me almost every night. She came in her car, God alone knew where from, driven by that sturdy-looking, bearded chauffeur, and met me on the beach.

But these meetings, however romantic, were not, for me, entirely satisfactory. Never had I seen in all my romantic career so very queer a woman. She would play and caress and coquet with me, but never allowed me to kiss her. And, although ordinarily I never cared for such things, her attitude only excited my curiosity and whetted my desire. But all those little tricks I used for my lips to gain admission to her lips were unsuccessful. This considerably worried me. But I knew that I would get as many kisses as I wanted if once I got her into my house; and I wanted only one, just to break her pride. Things would be very different in my house. You see the sense of vastness associated with a fine open beach, with a vast looking sea before you, was not very helpful for that sort of thing. It may switch on poetic and romantic emotions in you, but it would not sharpen up those little physical impulses; they are best called into play under narrow surroundings as in a small room. Besides although we used to meet on a lonely spot on the beach, and almost invariably on dark nights, that chauffeur of hers had always been within hearing distance of us; and if I suggested to her to walk a little distance away from his sight, she would start a sermon on his faithfulness, his gratitude, his meek docility and so on; and the exact relevancy of her singing the praise of all those virtues, which a look at the fellow was enough to convince any one that he could never possess, was not at all clear to me. To get her to my house was therefore the only way to get rid of that ominous-looking fellow. And so one night I said to her, "you have not honoured me with your presence in my house; when can I hope for that pleasure?"

"That is a pleasure which I have to deny you and deny myself, at least for sometime to come. You know I dislike a scandal; I dread it. I have risked a good lot in coming and meeting you every night like this, But for my faithful chauffur I could never have done it; but coming to your house is too much: I will surely be found out.

"But no body will notice your coming to my bungalow. All the people in that village are poor fishermen—poor ignorant fellows."

"It is not the villagers that's the trouble, "she said; "you have your servants, your peons, your butler, your gardner, and do you think they will keep their mouths shut?"

"Oh that's nothing!" I said "I shall so arrange tnat there shall be no body there: I can send them all away."

"How can you do it? It will create suspicion".

"There is a way to disarm all suspicion, I said;" I can break up my establishment here, go with them to my Kottayam house, and then after a day or two I can slip back alone, and wait for you."

"That," she admitted, "is an idea."

"Then, which is the date convenient for you?" I asked. She did not reply, bus sat looking at the play of the wild waves for a time, and then she said, "very well; then, you break up your establishment tomorrow, and within two or three days I will write to your Kottyam address fixing the date and you can meet me at this place: we shall then go to your bungalow."

"The very next day I was back at Kottayam. That evening, while reading the paper' I found a warning from the British police that the notorious Jambulingham with a confederate was either hiding or planning some robbery some where in the native state of Travancore or Cochin and that all rich men should be very careful. This was then a very uncomfortable news to me as on the day before I left Thumpupally I had drawn from the bank about Rs. 50,000 to be invested in a rubber estate, and because there was some trouble about one of the terms when the sale deed was drawn up I had locked up the currency notes in my safe. But, of course, Jambulingum could never know that I had this amount in my safe. No body knew about it. Only to my new sweet heart I had mentioned a word about it, while casually talking about the new rubber estate I was thinking of purchasing. Besides my safe was a very strong one, and no robber could ever hope to open it. Still I was a little nervous and was thinking of going back to Thumpupally to bring the money to Kottayam when I got the letter from my beloved. The next day would be very convenient for her; she would be at the beach at 11 in the night. "Very good, 'I cried, "splendid!"

"When next day night I met her I thought I found her looking rather pale. When I remarked to her about it, she whispered, "you see dear, I am taking a great risk. I fear this will leak out" I assured her that her fears were unfounded.

"Have you any one in the house?" she asked.

"None at all".

"No servants?".

"None".

A little after midnight we reached the bungalow. I must confess I was rather impatient when once I got her into my trap. True, all that I wanted was one little kiss: but I had already begun to fear that perhaps she might escape giving me even that small favour. "Beloved," I said, "I am glad that here at least we are free from that dirty dragon of your chauffeur, keeping his eternal vigil over you" She said nothing; but she looked down and faintly smiled. I knew I had won. No young man could miss the meaning of that bashful smile.

"Oh! I forget," suddenly she cried "I have brought a few of my ornaments, can you safely keep them here?"

"Why, of course, I have strong safe here; but why have you brought your ornaments?"

"Oh, I thought you read in the paper the warning about Jambulingam I did not think it safe to leave these ornaments behind: Besides, I may-perhaps—er—stay a few days with you" Heavens, what a fortune! After all a woman is a woman.

"My darling," I said, "you know you can stay with me till the end of my life"

"Perhaps, you may not find me desirable enough for such a long period." was all that she said.

Her chauffeur brought a small leather bag and gave it to her. He did not utter a single word. He seldom uttered anything. I took the key and went to the safe; I opened it, put the bag in, and was about to close it when two powerful, iron arms gripped me from behind, while my "Sweet-Heart" pointed a revolver to my face and said, "one little word from you, and your brains will be blown out." Even if I dared to take that risk I could not utter a single word. For in a moment my mouth was gagged and my hands were tied behind me by that powerful silent chauffeur, and I lay in a corner of the room with thoughts you can well imagine'

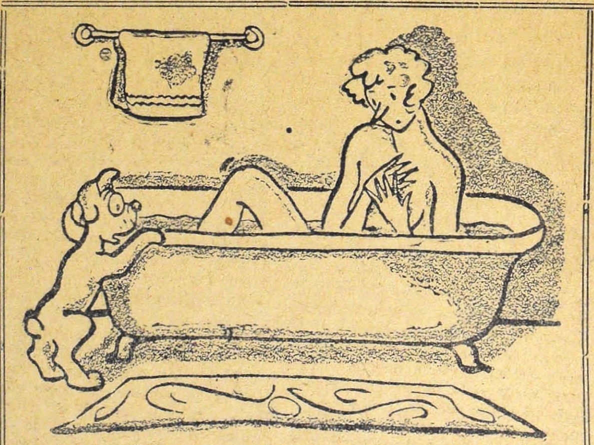
When the next morning the police came to my house I narrated the whole affair to them, the British C. I. D. simply said: "My man, you have been robbed by Jambulingam and Usman."

"Usman,', I cried in amazement.

"Yes, Usman, your 'Sweet Heart' and Jambulingam, his-no, her-chauffeur." He then said to the Travancore A. S. P...... "we knew that fair, young fellow had joined Jambulingam: but I never thought he would play this dramatic role—rather ingenious"

"The fellow," said the Travancore A. S. P., "has got a good deal of feminine grace, and with some make-up he can easily pass for a woman."

(Continued On page 37)



"Go away, doggie, you look so human."

This Banking Business

By Al RHODES.

TO me it looks absolutely funny. To the average man in the street it must, I imagine, seem the same. How do you know? From my own personal experience of course. I dare say I am myself an average man though not exactly on the street—I mean, not yet. I repeat, I am an average man, and I have the evidence of my mirror for that; of my barber too, who swears that my growth is as thick as any he has yet shaved—and he should know. And to me, the average man (almost on the street) this business looks funny. What business? Why, this banking business of course.

YOU see, it's like this: As you know, or as you would know if you had walked up to the boss and asked for a rise, we are just now in the depths of an industrial depression of quite unprecedented dimensions (Sounds big, eh? But I can't help it. The flow of scholarly thought must on no account be interrupted or curbed.) And the main feature of this depression is shortage of funds in the banks (and food in the bellies).

Most or at least very many of the big European and American banks are now only engaged in engaging the services of sign-board painters who are working over-time making sufficient "Payment Suspended" posters (just genteel way of saying "We are dead broke" or "You can't squeeze water from a stone") to hang out on all the windows of the premises. I am told that in New York you cannot throw a concrete brick in the air without its hitting at least one reinforced concrete bank building with a court receiver's notice on its front door panel.

Such then is the general state of affairs, and here is where the funniness (oh yes, the word is in the Dictionary all right—I've taken good care to make quite certain of that) comes in: No, no, there's nothing funny about banks being broke-more's the pity, for if there was, who can say, our coroners and their juries would not be as badly overworked as they are at present. What really is funny is that while everywhere else people are closing down their banks for want of money to put into them, we in India have started opening new ones-a new one, to be precise. Honestly, it gets my goat, and anything that can manage to get my goat and this guy always takes some getting-is great, and no mistake. Barring the Great Indian Earth-quake of 1933 and the Pan-European Peace Prattle, it is undoubtedly the greatest event of the decade.

And they are calling it 'The Reserve Bank of India," the reason being-oh, but I can't say to save my life, my soul too if it comes to that. Looking again to the Dictionary for guidance, what do I find? Reserve: Keep for future use. Bah, bah, bah! There you are! So they want to keep our money for their future use. Nothing doing, good sirs, at least as far as I am concerned. I'm keeping all my money for my own future use and for the future use my children, should there be any, and their children and their children's children if the world does not come to an end before that.

May be too, the name 'Reserve Bank of India' is only meant to inspire confidence in the public, and confidence is the one quality that is most needed in this age of depression and despair. Reserve Bank of India! Sounds formidable, eh? More formidable I fancy than even The Bank of England or The Bank of Bangkok (that is, if there *is* a bank at Bangkok) or the Banks of the Ganges.

They say the Bank has already started functioning, which is another thing that is beyond me. The Bank also is. I mean I've not yet been able to locate it. I've studied the Telephone and the Trade Directories from A to Z and backwards and sideways, but without success. I've combed all the lanes and by-lanes in the city many great things you know have had very small beginnings but I must confess defeat.

And as the days go by my curiosity is becoming more and more acute. In a few days I fear it will become chronic. What I am keen on knowing is whether this Reserve Bank functions (whatever that means) like the other bank I dump my savings in-by the way, I've still got a credit balance of No Rupees Thirteen annas and Eleven Pies only. Honest, I'd like to steal a squint at the manager, at the cashier and at the clerks on the counter. You bet I would.

You see, being a new bank, they will in all probability adopt novel methods. Perhaps the receiving clerk will not take three quarters of an hour to make sure that a fiver I've handed over to him was made in His Majesty's Currency Office and not at my private printing press in the back shed or cellar, and after satisfying himself, he will not put on his specks to make more certain. And when he was made more certain perhaps he will not ask his neighbour also to examine the note and make doubly certain about it, and when the neighbour too after shooting a suspicious glance in my direction, says that 'it appears good', my man will not write down the number of the note on the accompanying voucher in order to be absolutely and unmistakably on the safe side. I say, perhaps he will not. But in all probability he will-he wouldn't be a bank employee if he didn't.

I should like to have a look at this Reserve Bank, really. I should like to know if its cashiers lick their fingers (as they still do at the other banks) when counting out the crackling bank notes. Perhaps, being a brand new bank, they will adopt brand new methods. I'd be interested to know what new method (if any) they use to test the genuineness of my silver rupees. I am almost certain they have a machine for it, a machine that has two rows of teeth, and which, after biting the coin, will bang it on the counter

too see if it has the correct ring. Such a machine would be an inestimable boon to bank cashiers and would save them quite a lot in dentists' bills. Ah, yes, another thing I should very much like to know is this: What sort of a look will the fellow at the counter favour you with when you hand him an over—draft on your account? Will it be that particular brand that is so commonly used on bank counters, the sort that makes you feel you are a worm or makes your wish you wese one, so that you could creep noiselessly and unnoticed from that extremely uncomfortable situation.

Reserve Bank of india, really! weil, I'm not saying that it is not a good egg. Perhaps it is. But none of these new—fangled fads for me! Let other people pile their precious pennies on its counters, It is purely their business, As for myself, I know exactly what I am going to do with my money. Other banks? Never! Not a pie even, if it comes to that.

Do you imagine that with the Reserve Bank cropping up at such a critical period and commencing a competition in banking circles, there is going to be any safety and security in any of the other banks? I don't think so anyway, Oh yes, I've made my mind—I'll withdraw that sum of No Rupees Thirteen Annas and Eleven Pies Only and bury it in my mattress And I will insure the mattress against Fire and Accident and Burglary and Earthquake Damage. Whilst I'm at it I think I'll store my gold reserve also with the money. On more mature reflection however I think I will not. It is likely to get lost in the mattress. It is the last surviving stud out of a set of six given me as a brithday present by I can't remember who, and I must take care of it. I've got it! I'll wear it on my shirt front— it's safe enough there. For additional security though, I think I'll insure the shirt as well,

(Continued from page 35)

Then I heard him saying to the local inspector "imagine the kisses our friend must have given to that sturdy young Mohammedan fellow'"

I then felt that the loss of Rs. 50,000 was nothing compared to the utter humiliation this comic end of my romantic career had landed me in-a nice punishment for adopting the unnatural principle of 'Ever courting and never Marrying.'

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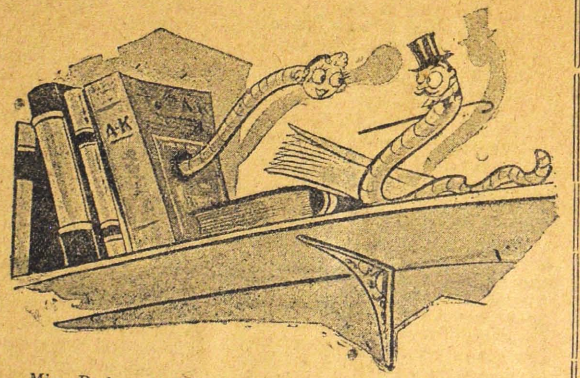


Miss Book-worm "Come up and see me sometime. I'm in the dictionary now."

Your Baby's on the Way!

By A. C. PETERS

1. *You laugh when we poor authors write you*
Letters after letters, not to spite you,
But just to know what stuff of ours you've put in
In each week's issue of your 'Mag'.

2. *We send you manuscripts, and send stamps,*
You take a month to read the bally things,
They come back with a slip on Postal wings,
Which e'en a thick-skinned author's spirit damps.

3. *A Rhino or a Hippopotamus,*
With the thick hide it bears will surely feel,
Our supplication, whining, and appeal,
And commit suicide at a rebuke from us.

4. *I know these are all minor things for you,*
Thats why you treat them in an awful way,
But tell me, Boss, what are you going to do,
Now that a pretty baby is on the way ?

5. *What plans are yours, what methods of reception,*
Have you decided on, to avoid dismay,
How will you rise on this unique occasion,
Just when a pretty baby is on the way.

6. *Tell me, Boss, what monies you have put by,*
For such an emergency, such a day,
When that most dreaded hour is drawing nigh,
And—an ANGRY baby is on the way.

7. *I think you better go and see your Lawyer,*
And let us know what all he has to say,
We do not think that it is quite safe foy-yah
Just when a red-hot 'Baby' is on the way.

8. *This 'BABY' says you promised by the Moon*
And swore by all the moving planets nine,
That you will marry her in May or June,
And spend your honeymoon in Appenine.

9. *She also says you said you'll buy a car,*
A villa, Boathouse, and a pretty lawn,
A Hotel on the seaside with a Bar,
With e. l. f., with water h & c laid on.

10. *She says that you kissed her most tenderly*
Embraced her, and vowed by the Holy River
That you will marry none but her only
But now she finds that you are a false lover.

11. *So let me get along, and leave you here,*
It's only ten O'clock, young is the day,
I know it wouldn't be safe to be quite near,
You, when an angry 'BABY' is on the way.

GLANDS

BY S. I. R.

MANY people, I dare say, seeing their reflections in a mirror from time to time, are shocked into asking the important question:

'What on earth has happened to my reflection? Why is it more oval in shape than it used to be?'

How surprised these rather rotund people would be were someone in authority—say, a family doctor....to turn to them and say:

'Alas! the fault lies with your glands. They are ever such greedy things and they are deceiving you shamefully!'

Yet I am sorry to say that such is the case. The truth is, this wonderful human body of ours is a great mystery really. Night after night we put it to bed, and in the morning somebody wakes it up again if they only remember, but what goes on inside it all the time few can say for certain.

Indeed, it is just this lack of knowledge on our part that causes so many of us to play into the hands of our glands. We little suspect that these glands spend their whole lives spying upon us!

They do, though. We can't eat the smaller thing without them finding out.

FOR instance, take an apple. When an apple is gripped by the teeth and swiftly bitten into small pieces the good news that sustenance is on the way is promptly telegraphed to the most distant outposts of the body.

This delicious apple pulp does not, as many suppose, just fall down the throat into the Aladdin's cave below, entirely unexpected. There are always little workers on the look out, eager to snatch up whatever trifle their good friend, the mouth, cares to send them.

'All clear below here!' these little workers cry as soon as they are advised of a consignment of apple pulp.

'To your stations! To your stations!' shout the foreman.

the good news...is promptly telegraphed ...

And, in less time than it takes to write, all is bustle and confusion. Hither and thither run the little worker in a frantic endeavour to be of assistance. Empty nerve cells are swept out, last night's dinner things are washed up, and a tremendous effort is made to make the place look clean and tidy.

'Pull on that spinal cord three! cry some

'Oh, get off my foot, do!' cry others.

And slowly but surely the great mills are set in motion, the grinding wheels start to revolve, and lock gates, regulating the flow of the gastric juices, swing cautiously open.

It is then the turn of the tongue—or the Red Porter, as some of us prefer to call it—to take a hand in the work.

With a gruff 'Mind your backs, please!' the tongues tosses this apple pulp into the throat, which is the cleverest lift ever devised, and down, down, down it goes to the excited little workers below, who quickly turn it into useful calories or—as is more often the case painful indigestion.

Meanwhile the mysterious drums have been throbbing, carrying to the outlying suburbs in a way still unknown to science, the glad tidings that the seige has been raised at last. Food is on its way from the outside world, and, with care, there will be sufficient for everybody.

How busily do the messages flash backwards and forwards then!

'Is it meat? Is it fish? ask the hungry nerves and wasted tissues eagerly.

'No, It's only apple,' comes back the instant reply.

'Oh, well, never mind! Ship us some!' say the nerves and tissues tolerantly.

So down the Alimentary Canal and through the little local ducts and pretty blood streams go small consignments of apple, and it isn't very long before this wonderful body of ours is thoroughly refreshed again.

Alas! though, as medical men are fully aware, there is frequently a gland that is not above cheating in a sly way. Given the opportunity it will prove false to its trust.

'No apple received yet. Kindly advise,' this gland will telephone.

The mean, despicable thing! It shows very well it has had its apple!

'But we carted you a large portion long ago,' answers the little shippers differently. 'See advice Note No. 47,5213. Our Ref. AB-XL.'

'No advice note to hand this ult No apple,' retorts the gland glibly.

This sounds a very critical state of affairs.

'Are you quite, quite sure? inquire the little shippers frantically, because they don't want to get into any bother from Head Office.

'Of course I'm sure!' replies the gland stubbornly. 'And if I dont receive better attention in future I shall complain to the management! The service in this body is simply terrible!

... turn it into...painful indigestion ...

And so cleverly does it sustain the lie, so insistant are its cablegrams and messages, that it very quickly, receives more applies.

Rather reluctantly a second helping of apple is despatchad to it, and, in consequences, it growsidle and neglects its work. Instead of keeping us slim and slender, as nature had intended that it should, it just dozes in the sun and let us go all to pieces.

Then, when people meet us in the street, they say:

" Dear. dear! you ought to skip or something. Why don't you take up tennis?

They little suspect that somewhere in our so called 'system' one of our glands probaly our thyroid one is cheat ing us most disgracefully. Yet such is the case.

You see? These little medical problems are quite simple really, once we have grasped in what a haphazard, Bohemian way this wonderful human body of ours goes about its simple, everyday tasks.

A War Time Story.

A war-time story is that of the village blacksmith who was called upon to put a shoe on an Army horse and was given a signed chit to enable him to claim for seven shillings, but to his astonishment he received a cheque for seventy pounds. Thereupon he wrote saying there must be some mistake, as his charge was only seven shillings. The result of the letter was another cheque for seventy pounds. As it seemed hopeless to carry on correspondence on these lines, he consulted a friendly solicitor,who advised him to bank the two cheques and await developments. In due course the mistake was discovered and a claim for refund was made.

* *

Christmas Day on December 8th.

Towards the end of the last century a ship was cruising in the South Pacific. One day a native chief came aboard and gave the Captain a litter of pigs. These were gratefully received and penned on the fo'c'stle, destined to be a welcome addition to Christmas dinner.

The hot weather did not agree with the pigs, and the captain feared that they would die before Christmas. The only thing to do. he decided, was to alter the date.

" Chaplain." he said, " we must keep Christmas to-morrow; kindly arrange for this and choose the hymns." I have seen (adds Sir Charles Walker) the log of a midshipman who was then on board which reads " December 8th (or thereabouts), kept Christmas Day.'

* *

A Scuttle of Coals.

It was difficult to get articles made in the dockyards for private use. One day, however, an officer succeeded in having a copper coal-scuttle made to his specification in Portsmouth dockyard.

The difficulty was to get it on board hsip. He consulted his coxswain, who assured him that he could manage it. After collecting the scuttle from the yard the coxswain filled it with coal and was proceeding to the King's Stairs, when he was promptly stopped by the police. "What have I got here?" he replied to the police. 'Can't you see it's a scuttle of coals? "

" But you can't take that out of the dockyard," was the reply.

" Why not? " said the coxswain. " I found these bits of coal lying about and as they did not seem to be wanted, I filled my scuttle with them, but if you are so blooming particular, take your——coals. " With that, he emptied his scuttle at the constable's feet and proceeded on board ship with the scuttle.

LIMERICKS.

There was a small damsel named SHIRLY,
Whose hair was delightfully curly;
She liked doggies and dolls
And pink parasols,
But she *didn't* like going to bed early.

• • •

An active young fellow named NEIL,
Excelled at performing a reel;
When they cried, "That's top-notch!"
He replied, "Well, I'm Scotch!"
Which explained his expert-ness and zeal.

• • •

There was a young fellow named JOHN,
Who went for a ride on a swan;
When they cried, "Oh, you'll fall!"
He replied, "Not at all,
Can't you see that I've tied myself on?"

• •

A dear little damsel, named KATIE,
Once kissed a strange lady of eighty;
Said she in surprise,
"You are kind but unwise,
To be so exceedingly matey."

• • •

There was a young lady, named LULU,
Who put out her tongue at a Zulu;
Said her mother, "That,s pert,
His feelings you'll hurt,
I'm really astonished at you, Lu,"

• • •

There was a small maiden named MAGGIE,
Whose dog was enormous and shaggy;
The front end of him
Looked fierce and grim,
But the tail end was friendly and waggy.

• • •

There was a young fellow named BEN,
Who kept an inteligent hen;
He took it to school,
Where it sat on a stool
And did simple sums with a pen.

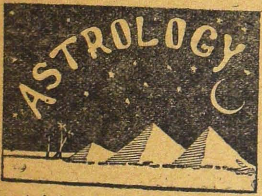
• • •

There was a young lady named ALICE,
Who wished to see Buck-ingham Palace;
Said a red-coated sentry,
"I can't allow entry.
Them's orders; it isn't my malice."

• • •

There was a small maiden, named ROSE,
Who had a diminutive nose;
When they said, "It's too small,"
She replied, "Not at all,
It's quite big enough when it blows!"

• •



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THE TWO SONS.

Once upon a time there lived a rich man in a certain country. He had two sons. He gave each son some money and asked them to spend it in a good way. Whosoever spends it to his satisfaction inherits the whole of his property and the other loses it.

The younger son as he was passing along a road met a sage. He seemed to be a very learned man. Therefore the younger son thought of asking his advice in spending the money. The sage said that the best way to spend was to give it away to the poor and the needy. So the younger son spent all the money in helping the poor.

The elder son who was of a very haughty disposition was not a man to seek the advice of others. So he went to spend it in his own way. He went to a far off country and bought many slaves, horses, and gorgeous garments and jewelry. Afterwards he returned to his father.

The younger son came to his father and told him how he had spent the money in helping the poor. When his father heard this he became very angry and said that he would not give anything to him out of his property. The poor son went out of his father's presence. As to the elder son he came to his father, seated on horseback dressed beautifully and attended by many slaves. The old man was very much impressed by the sight of his son and gave all his property to him.

In a few days the old man died. Now the elder brother began to spend money in an extravagant manner and in course of time became a very poor man. As to the younger brother he lived by trading and in a short time became a very rich man. God helped him, who had helped the poor and the suffering.

The elder brother could not bear his brother's rising. In a few days his jealousy became very great. He thought of destroying him. So one night he stole into his brother's house with the intention of murdering him. He was hiding in a corner waiting for the inmates to go to bed. But he was caught in his hiding place by the servants. Afterwards he was handed over to the police who flung him into jail. There he ended his life in misery for the folly he had done.

Here are some Tongue-Twisters. See if you can say them quickly.

"Seven shrieking sheiks!" shrieked Susie shrilly.

Freda and fred fled, and Fred fell flat.

How doth the busy little wasp
Fly up and down the yard?
And when he sitteth down to rest,
Why, does he sit so hard?

AN ERROR.

Owing to a regrettable error Mr. Mani's (Virarajendrapet, COORG) name has been omitted from the prize winners list in the last issue He has submitted an one error entry and hence is entitled to a share in the 2nd prize.

COUSIN EDDIE.

"Harold, you naughty boy," exclaimed his mother, "you came home to dinner covered with dirt and after all my trouble tidying you up off you went and had another fight."

"No, mother," corrected Harold, cheerfully. "It was the same fight. We only knocked off for dinner."

* * *

Goldman sent his four-year-old son to school and the little fellow didn't know his name.

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

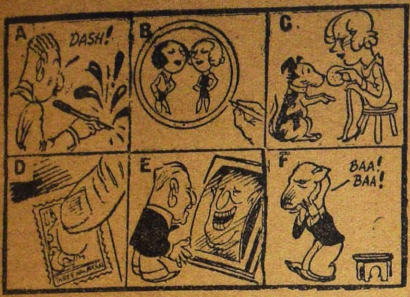
"I don't know," said the boy.

"Well, what does your mother call you when breakfast is ready in the morning?"

"She doesn't have to call me," was the response. "I'm there already!"

* * *

COMPETITION NO. 10



Closing Date 12—5—35

1st Prize Rs. 15 (*Only for Children below 18 years*)
2nd Prize Rs. 10.

Here you see six pictures. There is also a list of clues given. Out of these find the correct clues to the pictures.

For example A is BLOT. Now proceed with the other five.

Children's Puzzle No. 10 (*Coupon*)

CLOSING DATE 12TH MAY 1935

A. BLOT. *Age*..........

B. ....

C. .... *Address*..............................

D. ....

E. ....

F. ....

....

....

LIST OF CLUES.

1.	Mirror.	9.	Sheepish.
2.	Blot.	10.	Buiscuit.
3.	Circles.	11.	Thumb.
4.	Drawing.	12.	Reflection.
5.	Begging.	13.	Make-believe.
6.	Stamp.	14.	Press.
7.	Girls.	15.	Pantomime.
8.	Dog.		

Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of Funzin's 'Youth League'.

Dear Cousin Eddie,

I wish to be a member of the Youth League. I enclose 4 as. in stamps.

Name.. *Date of Birth*..

Father's or Guardian's Name..

His Occupation..

Sex..

Address..

Signature..

Date..*193* .

Funny Magzin Competition

Rs. 250 CASH PRIZES.

In our 'Easter' Competition.

Closing Date 20-5-35. ***Results on 5-6-35***

What you have to do

Below you are given 8 rows of incomplete words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. You have to find out those missing letters with the aid of the clues given against each row and complete the words. For example in No. 1 E— —TER are given. The clue for No 1 is Christian Festival and the suitable answer for that is EASTER. So the letters A & S are missing in No. 1 Putting those letters in the vacant places the word Easter is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also can be solved.

Words.	Clues.
1. E— —TER	1. Christian Festival.
2. HE— —	2. Attend to.
3. STEE—	3. An animal.
4. —EEP	4. Cry.
5. —AN	5. Vessel.
6. STU—	6. A nail.
7. S— —CK	7. A Stroke.
8. S—I—E	8. Piece cut off.

Rules & Conditions.

1. An entrance fee of **one anna** must be sent along with each entry. Entries must be in the Funny Magzin coupons If the coupons are not available, Entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with their name and address filled up Each entry sent on plain paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. [1 anna entrance fee + 1½ annas the price of the coupon.]

2. The First Prize of Rs. 150 will be awarded to the correct solution, that is one which agrees with the Editor's sealed solution and the second prize of Rs. 100 to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be divided.

3. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is final The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that may be mislaid or lost. No correspondence can be entered into.

4. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor "FUNNY MAGZIN" Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20-5-35. Entries received after the closing date will not be considered.

FUNNY — — MAGZIN

ENTRY COUPON

Closing Date 20-5-35

"Easter" Competition.

CLOSING DATE 20th May 1935.

1. EASTER	5. ………………
2. ………………	6. ………………
3. ………………	7. ………………
4. ………………	8. ………………

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature ……………………………………

Name *Mr. / Miss or Mrs.* ……………………………………

Address ……………………………………

FUNNY MAGZIN

'FILL UP' COMPETITION RESULTS.

The correct solution of 'Fill up' competition are as follows.

1. Free.
2. MOIL.
3. SEAL.
4. CHILD.
5. PERCH.
6. VICE.
7. MINT.
8. PENDING.

The first prize of Rs. 100 has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided among them.

1.	Arunagiri Pillai	... Kumbakonam.
2.	Subramania Chetty	... Madras.
3.	Shiva Rao	... Calcutta.
4	P. M. Doss	... Bombay.
5.	Sreenivasalu Naidu	... Secunderabad.
6.	P. R. Moorthy	... Madras.
7.	Mannar Naidu	... Berhampore.
8.	Abdul Gaffoor	... Madras.
9.	Siva Rama Chetty	... Mysore.
10.	Seetha Ramiah	... Bangalore.

The second prize of Rs. 50. has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

1.	K. Narayana Rao	... Wallaja Road Madras.
2 to 4.	Janakamma	... Vanrajpet.
5.	Arunagiri Pillai	... Kumbakonam.
6.	Govinda Ragava Iyengar.	Villupuram.
7 to 9.	Subramani Chetty	... Madras.
10.	Shiva Rao	... Calcutta.
11 to 15.	Dorai Raj	... Tinnevelly.
16.	P. M. Doss	... Bombay,
17.	Sreenivasalu Naidu	... Secunderabad,
18 to 20.	G. H. Gupta	... Lucknow.
21.	Mannar Naidu	... Berahampore.
23.	Ramiah Chetty	... Tenali.
24.	Abdul Gaffoor	... Madras.
25 to 27.	Seetha Ramiah	... Bangalore.
28 to 29.	Venkat Rao	... Madanapalli.

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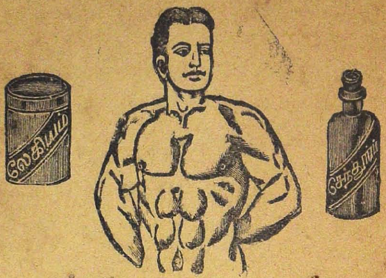

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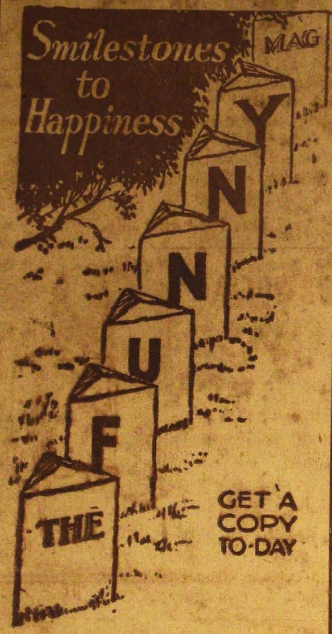

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